

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1861.

THE MODEL QUEEN--ISABELLA.

EDITORIAL.

JOHN II, of Castile, after a reign of forty-eight years, died July 21, 1454, lamenting on his death-bed that "he had not been born the son of a mechanic instead of King of Castile." The only gleam of sunshine that falls upon his inglorious career was the birth of Isabella, whose name has become so illustrious from its connection with the discovery of the American continent. The other children of John were Henry, who succeeded him on the throne, and Alfonso, then an infant.

John II, of Aragon, under the instigations of his second wife—ambitious to secure for her own offspring regal power—pursued with a refinement of dissimulation and a relentless cruelty, uncommon even in that age, his own son and daughter—Carlos and Blanche—by his first wife, till they found rest in the grave. Ferdinand, whose name is so illustriously allied with that of Isabella, was the offspring of this second marriage. His steps to the throne were not of his own direction, but that of a mother whose ambition for her son was equaled only by the relentlessness of her hostility to all that stood in the way of his advancement. A father's perfidy and cruelty were employed to bridge his way safely to the throne—reached only by passing over the tears, the agony, and the ruin of his older half-brother and sister. This parental injustice recoiled with fearful force upon its authors, the later years of both being passed in scenes of war and tumult, and the closing scenes of their lives full of grief.

Isabella, on the death of her father, was removed by her mother altogether from the presence and influence of court life. Under the eye of her mother she was carefully instructed in those lessons of practical piety and in the deep

reverence for religion which distinguished her maturer years. In seclusion and far from the voice of flattery and falsehood, she was permitted to unfold the natural graces of mind and person which might have been blighted in the pestilent atmosphere of a court. So firmly were her principles infixed, and such strength of character did she possess, that subsequently, when summoned by her brother, the corrupt and debauched Henry IV, to take up her abode in the royal palace, she did not forget the early lessons she had imbibed, and "the blameless purity of her conduct shone with additional luster amid the scenes of levity and licentiousness by which she was surrounded."

From considerations of state Henry promised his sister in marriage to Alfonso, of Portugal. This occurred when she was only thirteen years of age. At a personal interview with that monarch in the presence of her brother, the noble girl firmly refused to accede to the proposed union, and so the little diplomatic arrangement fell through.

A more pressing necessity soon induced Henry to attempt again to barter away his sister. His imbecility of character, and the utter prostration of public virtue under his rule, had reduced the nation to the brink of ruin, and induced a revolt which threatened the throne itself. In order to detach the influence of a powerful family from the rebels and bring it over to the Crown, Henry proposed to give his sister in marriage to one of the most turbulent leaders of the time, and whose private life was stained with the most abominable vices. When the plans of her brother were made known to her, and she was apprised that compulsory means would be employed, if necessary, to secure their execution, she confined herself, says the historian of that period, to her apartment, abstaining from all sleep and nourishment for a day and a night, and imploring Heaven in the most piteous manner to save her

from this dishonor and ruin. To her faithful friend she exclaimed, "God will not permit it, neither will I," and then drawing a dagger from her bosom she solemnly swore to plunge it into the heart of the detestable villain as soon as he appeared. Providence spared her this. Hardly had this notorious brigand started for Madrid, where the nuptial ceremony was to be performed, when he was attacked with acute disease, which terminated his turbulent life in four days. The death of the grand master of Calatrava dissipated all the schemes of Henry.

The leaders of the revolt had crowned Alfonso, the young brother of Henry, and upon the death of that noble young prince they offered the crown to Isabella. With firmness she declined the tempting offer, "affirming that while her brother Henry lived none other had a right to the crown." Thus was she governed by the noblest sense of justice toward the brutish brother, who was at any moment ready to sacrifice her dearest interests to his own selfish purposes.

Alfonso being dead, Isabella was now recognized as the rightful successor of Henry to the crowns of Castile and Leon. Her hand was eagerly sought by ambitious princes. But in the end she determined to bestow it upon her kinsman, Ferdinand of Aragon. In every respect her choice was eminently proper. Ferdinand was then in the bloom of life, and distinguished for his personal attractions as well as for his chivalry and nobleness of character. Though but eighteen he possessed a penetration and maturity of judgment that would have honored the noblest prince. Besides that, as he was heir to the crown of Aragon and she to that of Castile, their marriage would unite those two kingdoms in one.

Henry IV was exceedingly averse to the proposed union, and would no doubt have prevented it by violence after diplomacy had failed, had not his plans been thwarted by the ingenuity and talent of the lovers. The father of Ferdinand was at this time harassed by the civil wars which distracted his kingdom, and embittered his reign; his treasury was so completely exhausted that he had not even a single *enrique* to contribute toward the expenses attendant upon his son's marriage. Isabella was little better than a fugitive. She had escaped from the forces sent to Madrigal by her brother to take her as a prisoner, and had taken refuge at Valladolid. Here Ferdinand and Isabella were married October 19, 1469. Such was the poverty of the parties that it was found necessary to borrow money to defray the expenses of the ceremony.

The following is Mr. Prescott's description of the *personnel* of this young couple who subse-

quently played so prominent a part in public affairs, and now occupy so honorable a niche in the world's history. Ferdinand's complexion was fair, though somewhat bronzed by exposure to the sun, his eye quick and cheerful, his forehead ample and approaching to baldness. His muscular and well-proportioned frame was invigorated by the toils of war and by the chivalrous exercises in which he delighted. He was one of the best horsemen in his court, and excelled in field sports of every kind. His voice was somewhat sharp, but he possessed a fluent eloquence, and when he had a point to carry his address was courteous and even insinuating. He secured his health by extreme temperance in his diet, and by such habits of activity, that it was said he seemed to find repose in business. Isabella was a year older than her lover. In stature she was somewhat above the middle size. Her complexion was fair, her hair of a bright chestnut color, inclining to red, and her mild blue eye beamed with intelligence and sensibility. She was exceedingly beautiful, "the handsomest lady," says one of her household, "whom I ever beheld, and the most gracious in her manners." The portrait of her still existing in the royal palace is conspicuous for an open symmetry of features, indicative of a natural serenity of temper and that beautiful harmony of intellectual and moral qualities which most distinguished her. She was dignified in her demeanor, and modest even to a degree of reserve. She spoke the Castilian language with elegance, and early imbibed a relish for letters, in which she was superior to Ferdinand, whose education in this particular seems to have been neglected. It is not easy to obtain a dispassionate portrait of Isabella. The Spaniards, who revert to her glorious reign, are so smitten with her moral perfections, that even in depicting her personal, they borrow somewhat of the exaggerated coloring of romance. So far the historian. Our portrait fully justifies the outline sketched with so much beauty and force.

Henry IV died on the 11th of December, 1474, and on the 13th of the same month Isabella was proclaimed Queen of Castile. The crown of Aragon descended to Ferdinand upon the death of his father, which occurred on the 20th of January, 1479. Thus the two crowns of Aragon and Castile, after a separation of more than four centuries, became once more united, and the foundations were laid of the magnificent empire which was destined to overshadow every other monarchy of Europe.

The long and bloody wars between the factions into which these nations were divided under the previous reigns had been gradually reducing the very garden of Europe into a wilderness. It

would be a pleasant task to trace out the wise measures adopted for the relief of the State, and the untiring energy with which they were carried forward. Ferdinand could not lack a wise counselor in the cabinet, or a powerful aid even upon the battle-field, so long as Isabella was by his side. If his heart ever faltered her woman's faith made it strong. If two desolated empires to be healed and blended, sometimes required the presence of the supreme power in different provinces at the same time, where Ferdinand could not be, Isabella would appear, giving direction to the councils of the State, and imparting that enthusiasm to the royal armies which is always the sure presage of victory. Her country was her idol, her subjects were her children, and to their good she unsparingly exerted all her wonderful energies. Thus invasion was repelled, faction was repressed, conflicting interests harmonized, criminals, whether high or low, were brought to justice, plundered property was restored to its lawful owners, the industry of the people encouraged, arts and sciences cultivated, and soon the wilderness began to blossom as the rose. Never did woman before so blend such wonderful capabilities for the council, the field, and for the administration of public affairs with true womanly delicacy. The gentleness of the sex, the affection of the wife, and the tenderness of the mother shone forth in her with untarnished luster.

Her intrepidity, sagacity, and power over the masses are well illustrated by a single example. Only one year after her coronation Legovia, at the instigation of the bishop and principal citizens, rose against Cabrera, the governor, who had rendered himself unpopular by his strict discipline. They had already taken the outworks of the citadel, where the deputy, together with the Princess Isabella, then the only daughter of the sovereigns, had taken refuge. On receiving the tidings the Queen mounted her horse, and, with only a small retinue of attendants, rode with all possible speed to the city. As they effected their entrance by a private gate their ears were saluted with the cries of an infuriated mob—"Death to the alcade! Attack the castle!" The mob were just suiting the deed to the word. The attendants of the Queen, terrified beyond measure, besought her to allow the gates to be more firmly secured. Instead of this she ordered them to be thrown wide open. In rushed the mob like a resistless torrent. Stationing herself at the farther extremity of the area, she calmly addressed the excited multitude. "Tell me," said she, "your grievances. I will do all in my power to remove them. What is for your interests must be for mine and for the whole city."

Abashed by the unexpected presence of their sovereign as well as by her cool and dignified demeanor, they said they only desired the removal of Cabrera. "He is deposed already," answered the Queen. "The castle is intrusted to one of my own servants, on whom I can rely." The edge of popular fury was thus suddenly blunted. A reaction took place in the minds of the populace, and shouts of "Long live the Queen" rent the air. On subsequent investigation the plot against Cabrera was fully exposed, and he was restored to his office, and that, too, with the entire concurrence of the people.

The Castilian nobility, with utter lawlessness, had so long ruled over their petty principalities, warring against each other, robbing their own subjects, coining money, controlling the course of trade, carrying away the spoils of the country to their strongholds, that they had come to regard these as among their inalienable rights. With her accustomed energy of character, and her inexhaustible fertility of resource, Isabella set herself about correcting these abuses. The proud Castilian lords were soon humbled to her feet.

We have referred to Isabella's early religious education. Its influence, combined with her own serious habit of mind, made her peculiarly susceptible in regard to all spiritual matters. It was, no doubt, from these causes that the independence she manifested in all political affairs forsook her in matters spiritual. A single incident will illustrate this. When Fernando de Talavera was appointed her confessor, he continued seated after she had kneeled down to make her confession. Upon this she said it was customary for both parties to kneel. "No," replied the priest, "this is God's tribunal; I act here as his minister, and it is fitting I should keep my seat while your Highness kneels before me." The Queen not only submitted to the arrogant confessor, but was afterward heard to say, "This is the confessor that I wanted." This feeling of deep religious veneration, connected with the overwhelming darkness and bigotry of the age, no doubt led her into the two great errors of her reign—the tolerance of the Inquisition and the expulsion of the Moorish and Jewish "heretics" from her empire. This latter act is not to be judged without a careful weighing of several intricate and important elements that go to determine the character of State policy, and of which we can not now speak.

In 1492 a new era opened in the history of Isabella. The application of Columbus to be permitted to go forth under royal patronage upon a voyage in search of a new continent had been committed to a council of the savans of the

empire. They reported his scheme "vain, impracticable, and resting on grounds too weak to merit support." Ferdinand hardly needed such a verdict from the council, for he "had looked with cold distrust upon the expedition from the first." Isabella, however, was convinced that the enterprise was worthy of trial. Refusing to be governed by the suggestions of the timid and cold counselors, she said, "I will assume the undertaking for my own crown of Castile, and am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expenses of it if the funds in the treasury shall be found inadequate." The result is known. Columbus sailed. America was discovered. A new and fadeless wreath decked the brow of Isabella.

Isabella assumed the principal direction in the education of her children. Her four daughters were placed under the most accomplished scholars of the age. Her only son, Prince John, was educated in a style befitting his own exalted station and prospects, and which also reflected the highest honor upon the wisdom of his noble mother. He was placed in a class of ten boys—five of his own age and five older. They were all brought to reside in the palace. As a part of their education they were organized into a mimic council, over which the Prince presided, and in which affairs of State were discussed. In his course of education the solid branches of education were combined with music and the cultivation of the fine arts. Nor were the athletic, outdoor exercises necessary to give vigor and elasticity neglected. The young Prince possessed both noble and amiable traits. He gave the most brilliant promise for the future. The most exalted hopes were cherished of him. But how vain are all earthly hopes! At the early age of twenty he was seized with a fever which no medical skill could arrest. He expired on the 4th of October, 1497.

The blow fell heavily on Isabella. All her earthly hopes had centered in him. But when the announcement of his untimely death was made to her, she testified her submission in the beautiful language of Scripture—"The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be his name." Yet the shaft sunk deep into her soul.

By this death the succession devolved upon Isabella, his eldest sister. In 1490 she had been wedded to Alonzo, heir of the Portuguese monarchy. But the fair auspices under which the nuptials of the young couple were celebrated were soon clouded by his untimely death. The sad event seemed to throw a settled gloom over the spirit of his young wife. After the lapse of a few years, Emanuel, the young King of Portugal, tendered his heart and hand to the young

widow. For State reasons, no less than on personal accounts, the marriage proposed would be exceedingly eligible, and was earnestly desired by the parents of Isabella. She was for a long time averse to a second marriage, and firmly declined the proposal. Her mother was too wise to employ constraint. But what State policy failed to effect the ardent and honorable attachment of the royal lover at length accomplished. Isabella, "without pomp or parade of any kind," was married to Emanuel only a short time before the untimely death of her brother.

Isabella was greatly endeared to both her parents, especially her mother. She was, in fact, their favorite daughter. Judge, then, of their accumulated affliction when on the 23d of August, 1498, and within less than one year from the time they had laid their only son in the tomb, Isabella, after having given birth to a son, expired in their arms. The proud spirit of the mother was now smitten, and her bodily health gradually sunk under her accumulated load of sorrow. She, indeed, exhibited outward marks of composure, and schooled herself into resignation. She devoted herself with the same maternal solicitude to the good of her subjects; but it was too apparent to all that the iron had entered her soul.

In the infant son of the younger Isabella, Prince Miguel, centered vast interests. The crowns of the three monarchies, Castile, Aragon, and Portugal, were suspended over his head. But again the hopes of Ferdinand and Isabella were disappointed. The infant Prince did not live to complete his second year.

After this a ray of sunshine penetrated and cheered the soul of Isabella in the birth of another grandson. Her second daughter, Joanna, had been married to the Archduke Philip, son of the Emperor Maximilian, and sovereign, in right of his mother, of the Low Countries. Their first child, a son, was born February 24, 1500. From his birth the grandmother, with almost prophetic insight, predicted for him an illustrious career. The event justified the prediction. This grandson became the celebrated Charles V, who occupies so large a space in the history of Europe. After the death of Prince Miguel, Philip and Joanna visited Spain, and Charles was formally recognized as the heir of the crowns of Castile and Aragon. Yet even this event was connected with others that pressed sorely upon the heart of Isabella. Philip, the son-in-law, proved to be a frivolous and inconstant man, loving pleasure too much to seriously burden himself with the cares and labors of State. This was a source of grief and mortification to Ferdinand and Isabella.

But a still more serious domestic affliction fell upon them. The mother of Isabella, in her later years, had betrayed the strongest symptoms of gloom and insanity. Under such a cloud she had but lately died. The same fearful traits now began to be developed in Joanna. Her handsome but frivolous husband had returned by way of France to the Low Countries, leaving her and the infant Prince with her parents in Spain. Her mental malady now displayed itself. Disregarding the interests of her child, her future subjects, and indeed all her own interests, she only mourned the absence of her husband. One evening, while her mother was absent, Joanna sallied forth from the castle, in dishabille. Her attendants followed, and vainly endeavored to persuade her to return. Force was at length employed. The Princess manifested the utmost indignation, and broke forth in imprecations of madness against her attendants. Taking her station upon the barrier, she obstinately refused to move, or even to put on any additional clothing, and there she stood cold and shivering till morning. When Isabella arrived and witnessed the unequivocal evidences of the insanity of her daughter, the shock she experienced was even greater than that suffered in the successive bereavements to which she had been subjected. Not only was the deepest sympathy aroused for her unhappy daughter, but the most gloomy apprehensions were excited with regard to the fate of her people when their destinies should be committed to such incompetent hands.

But neither these domestic afflictions, nor her own declining health, could abate the interest of Isabella in the welfare of her subjects and the prosperity of the nation. Ferdinand was now involved in a war with France. The most formidable preparations for the conflict were being made on both sides. From her sick and almost dying bed, Isabella arose to second the efforts of her husband, and to arouse the valor of her people. An army of overwhelming power was soon under the command of Ferdinand. But no sooner had they gone forth than the Queen was filled with disquietude at the prospect of a speedy encounter with an enemy, whose defeat, whatever glory it might reflect on her own arms, could be purchased only at the expense of Christian blood. She wrote in earnest terms to her husband, requesting him not to drive his enemies to despair by closing up their retreat to their own land, but to leave vengeance to Him to whom it alone belonged. She passed her days, together with her whole household, in fasting and continual prayer to the Almighty to avert the impending calamity.*

Her prayers were heard. The French army fled without a battle, making good their retreat through the defiles of the sierras till they sheltered themselves under the cannon of Narbonne.

The series of domestic afflictions which fell upon Isabella was crushing to her heart. The first occurred in the sad and clouded death of her mother in 1496. In 1497 she followed to the grave her only son, the heir and hope of the monarchy, just entering upon his prime. The very next year her oldest and best beloved daughter expired in her arms. Less than two years after this, the infant grandson to whom the heart and hope of the empire had been transferred, was also snatched away. Then came the domestic infelicities and partial insanity of Joanna, the second daughter. It was the misfortune of this daughter to add the final sorrow which crushed the heart of so noble a mother. Joanna had returned to Flanders. Here the inconstancy of her husband and her own ungovernable sensibilities occasioned the most disgraceful scenes, during which she received from her unworthy husband the coarsest abuse. These difficulties ended in their utter estrangement in 1504.

When this sad news reached the sovereigns, they were filled with the utmost mortification and distress. Ferdinand fell sick of a fever. Isabella, whose health had been declining gradually for the past few years, was seized with the same disorder, accompanied by the most alarming symptoms. She was filled with anxiety for her husband, and no assurances of the favorable progress of his disease could bring quiet to her so long as he was absent. The unhappy condition of her daughter also pressed heavily upon her spirits. Then again she was oppressed with the most gloomy apprehensions for her beloved Castile. On the 15th of October her ever-faithful follower, the learned and celebrated Martyr, thus wrote of the dying Queen: "We sit sorrowful in the palace all day long, tremblingly waiting the hour when religion and virtue shall quit the earth with her. Let us pray that we may be permitted to follow hereafter where she is soon to go. She so far transcends all human excellence, that there is scarcely any thing of mortality about her. She can hardly be said to die, but to pass into a nobler existence, which should rather excite our envy than our sorrow. She leaves the world filled with her renown, and she goes to enjoy life eternal with her God in heaven. I write this between hope and fear, while the breath is still fluttering in her."

In the provisions of her will are conspicuous the same sense of justice, the calm forethought, and the deep penetration of wisdom and affection which had marked her whole career. Few things

* Prescott, vol. iii, p. 101.

in that remarkable will are more touching than those relating to her husband. "I beseech the king, my lord," she says, "that he will accept all my jewels, or such as he shall select, so that, seeing them, he may be reminded of the singular love I always bore him while living, and that I am now waiting for him in the better world; by which remembrance he may be encouraged to live the more justly and holily in this." Then again, after making provision for the burial of her remains in the Franciscan monastery of Santa Isabella in Alhambra, she adds: "But should the king, my lord, prefer a sepulcher in some other place, then my will is that my body be transported and laid by his side; that the union we have enjoyed in this world, and, through the mercy of God, may hope again for our souls in heaven, may be represented by our bodies in the earth."

Though the Queen was separated in her last moments from those whose filial tenderness might have done so much to soften the bitterness of death, yet had she the good fortune to be surrounded by the tried and well-approved friends of her whole life. As she saw them bathed in tears of unaffected sorrow around her bed, she calmly said: "Do not weep for me, nor waste your time in fruitless prayers for my recovery; but pray rather for the salvation of my soul." On the 26th of November, 1504, in the 54th year of her age and the 30th of her reign, peacefully she passed away from the scenes of earth. "My hand," exclaims Peter Martyr, "falls powerless by my side, for very sorrow." This but symbolized the feeling of a whole nation. Thus terminated the career of one who, despite the errors of the times and of her reign, is entitled to be called—**THE MODEL QUEEN.**

Dear reader, learn from the foregoing sketch that wealth, power, renown, can not insure happiness.

HOW AND WHY.

BY ELIZABETH E. R. FERRY.

WRAFT in the mists of the future,
Hidden from mortal eye,
Are the plans of the all-wise Father,
Who knoweth the How and Why.

And though in the path of affliction
He leadeth my feet for a while,
I know he not willingly grieves me,
But loveth, still loveth his child.

He knoweth the ways of the tempter,
He hath heard in his goodness my cry,
And in blinding my eyes with a sorrow,
Shall I ask him the reason why?

PROVERBS, OR NEW IDEAS IN OLD WORDS.

BY PRESIDENT ALLYN.

PROVERBS are highly acceptable to two classes of men—the philosophically learned, and the keenly observing; to the first, because they reveal the grand law of human thought and human development; to the other, because their use shows, at a glance, the real nature and character of the man, the age, or the nation where they are found. By another class—the superficial, the changeable, the fashionable, the ignorant, and the frivolous—they have most commonly been despised and reckoned among the things fit only for the love and admiration of the vulgar. Hence we need not be astonished at the popularity which they attained at a very early age, nor at the lasting hold they have maintained upon the affections of the common people. While, therefore, their use and popularity are so indisputable, it may not be entirely without profit and amusement to devote some space to the consideration of their philosophy and their power.

An emotion of surprise will naturally arise in the mind which, for the first time, considers, without attempting any rational explanation, how remarkably fond are the men, and especially the children of our acquaintance, of repeating over and over a particular form of words—sometimes having a meaning, rich and profitable, yet often carrying no sense whatever. Our surprise will, however, diminish when we find our children—and the more so, the wiser and the wittier they are—catching up an unmeaning sentence or half-sentence, and throwing it at their fellows in jest and sport, and even in earnest work, hundreds of times a day. They must have something to repeat, and the simpler the better. So it is with the common people, who are scarcely more than children, grown up indeed, yet not fully charged with the self-controlling, self-refining power of superior intelligence and will. By-words, pet phrases, cant expressions, and even slang terms, abound every day to an extent that might astonish the keen and accurate observer. These things have not till recently crept into books. Our histories contain nothing of them, or if they do show traces of them, it is very much as the geological formations contain vestiges of the soft worm and perishable mosses of the remote ages of our earth, only in favorable localities, and in quantities so minute as to require microscopic research to bring them to light. We have, however, evidence that these words and phrases have always abounded, and that they—like almost all other things—have had a lower, a vulgar or inelegant use, and a

higher, a less frequent, and a more refined currency. In their former use they have been mere catch-words or phrases, snatched up in a moment of excitement, and repeated, partly, perhaps, in ridicule, partly in merriment, and possibly partly in earnest. In their latter use they have taken the shape of adages, or, as they are better named, proverbs, or maxims, and sometimes apothegms. Of this sort the wisest men in all times have been fond, and numerous have been the collections of them for the amusement of the authors or for the benefit of posterity.

The oldest of these collections, as they with propriety may be called, is that made by King Solomon. This, leaving out of account its divine origin, is the best repository of practical wisdom ever given to the world in such a form, and may be said to contain a specimen of every literary and poetic excellence. No book that man reads is fuller of sound sense, or useful truth, or good philosophy, or noble exhortation, or accurate observation. It is a silver river, which flows over golden sands studded with pearls, rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, and which waters a landscape as fertile and enchanting as Eden itself.

Erasmus—the most learned man after Solomon till his own day—made a collection of proverbs, endeavoring to trace each one to the author who gave it reputation and authority among men. Lord Bacon was not only a diligent collector of these short sayings, but a great admirer of them, and used them abundantly in his Essays. "In these," Savage says, "Bacon talks to plain men in language which every body understands, about things in which every body is interested." These are, in fact, little more than a series of sentences thrown into the form of proverbs, maxims, and apothegms. Benjamin Franklin, decidedly the best writer of our Revolutionary period, and the most influential of all our early politicians and statesmen, was almost an enthusiast in the love and use of this kind of lore. He rarely failed to use a proverb when the occasion offered, and he certainly handled them with a master's power. The great secret of his style and the source of influence among his countrymen was owing, in not a small degree, to the appropriate use of these simple ornaments of the people's thought and conversation. He does not hesitate to confess all this, and more too, in his own beautiful, simple, gossiping, half-egotistical, yet charming and convincing manner. The extract is a long one, but will be none the less acceptable to those who remember the witty encomium of Sydney Smith, upon the severe sense and elegant perspicuity of Franklin's writing, and recall its closing climax: "Saba, I will disinherit you if you do not admire every thing which Ben Franklin ever wrote." But let

us hear this economic, money-making, content-inspiring, people's philosopher speak for himself. He is telling of his Almanac, published under the name of Richard Saunders, and thus he recites its history and proclaims the influence of proverbs:

"I endeavored to make it entertaining and useful, and it accordingly came to be in such demand that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And, observing that it was generally read—scarcely any neighborhood in the province being without it—I considered it a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other book. I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar, with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and morality, as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue, it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as—to use here one of those proverbs—'It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.' These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse, prefixed to the almanac of 1747, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scattered counsels thus into a focus, enabled them to make the greater impression. The piece being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the American continent, reprinted in Britain on a large sheet of paper to be stuck up in houses; two translations were made of it in French, and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expenditure in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable for many years after its publication. I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which was ascribed to me, but rather the gleaning that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations."

The elder D'Israeli, a man who knew almost all wisdom, ancient and modern, has written learnedly and to excellent purpose upon proverbs, in that mine of literary pleasures and literary treasures—the "Curiosities of Literature"—and has gathered almost every thing on this subject that can be desired. His very brief article has been rehashed and retailed in several popular lectures, by Mr. Trench in his much praised work entitled "Lessons in Proverbs"—a book very readable but not containing one idea that is not stolen or borrowed.

The nature of proverbs will be pretty well as-

certained if we look at the words used to designate them. For we are to remember that words, in the early ages of the world, were invented and used to mark the essence and character of that to which they were applied. The names applied to them have already been grouped together—adages, maxims, proverbs, apothegms. The word apothegm is Greek; the others are Latin. The apothegm—*ἀποθήκη*, upon a topic—is a sentence spoken upon a worthy subject. An adage—*adago*—supine, adactum or adagtum, *fitted to*—is the word or phrase fitted for a peculiar end. These will indicate that the adage is most likely to be short, and to apply to a larger number of subjects, while the apothegm will be longer, and apply to smaller number. Maxim is the Latin maximum—*greatest*—and refers to something of the greatest importance and value. And a proverb—*pro verbum*, for a word—is a phrase or sentence used instead of or in place of, or with the frequency and the definiteness of a single word.

Putting together the several ideas derived thus from the etymology of the words, and we shall have a complete definition or description of a proverb. This is a short sentence or form of words used in connection with each other, having a sense of the greatest possible value, fitted for use on all occasions, and uttering wisdom on some practical topic. If, as Solomon says in a beautiful proverb, "a word fitly spoken is an apple of gold in a picture of silver," what shall we say of a compact, clear-speaking, sense-freighted sentence? Will it not be a cluster of diamonds sparkling in sunlight? Mr. Trench spends many words upon the definition and form of a proverb, and attempts to compare it to the epigram. He says it may be described by the famous epigrammatic verse of Martial, by which he characterizes the epigram itself:

"Omne epigramma sit instar apic, sit aculeus illi,
Sint sua mella, sit et corporis exigui forma;"

which may be thus transferred to English:

All epigrams, like bees, must bring
Pure honey, littleness and a sting.

It should be remembered, however, that a proverb and an epigram are designed for very different purposes, and ought not to be seriously compared. The epigram is to strike, to please, to tickle, or to sting. The proverb is to guide and instruct, not to dazzle nor to wound and annoy. In the epigram the strange collocation of discordant ideas, the discovery of unexpected resemblances, no less than the rhythmic harmony, are all essential to its success. The proverb, on the contrary, needs only truth and shrewd, compact sense, which the other often does not attempt at

all. An epigram is the product of one man's wit; a proverb is the result of the wisdom of a whole generation. Lord Bacon calls proverbs "*mucrones verborum*," the points of words or the swords of speech; and, condensing one of the broadest philosophical speculations into one of the most beautiful sentences, he says: "The genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs." The Spaniards call them "little gospels;" or as some one has paraphrased it, "human, and common men's gospels." And our old English writers class them among those "household words," as familiar to the people as are their own tongues, and as dear as their own hearts. Howell insists that they shall be described by a triverbial alliteration, as possessing the characteristics of "shortness, sense, and salt," combined to give them their form and peculiar force. But a better phrase, if we must use such arts to aid the memory, would be this: Proverbs must contain *wit, wisdom, and weight*; in which phrase wit will allude to the congruity of the ideas brought together; wisdom to the general sense or meaning of the whole as a prudential lesson; and weight to the importance and power of the words themselves.

AWAY FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

BY REV. S. M. DICKSON.

SEATED one day in his quiet little cottage and looking out upon the valley of Thuringia, Bayard Taylor made up his mind that a man may be at home any where in the wide world, "without sacrificing a jot of his individuality, or hazarding the loss of a single principle."

I was born where I could snuff the odors of the "peculiar institution." Crossing the Potomac at the Chain Bridge about four years ago, astride a Methodist itinerant's horse, with a new pair of saddle-bags, I had my first experiences, not in the wilderness like our fathers, but, unconscious of the future historic interest of the localities, toiled away in my humble sphere upon the very ground where the two great armies have been so long face to face. In the revolving of the "iron wheel" I was dropped in Washington City just in time to feel the quick beatings of the great national heart, and to witness the fast-coming waves of the army deluge rolling in upon the Capital. I am now for a brief season snugly at ease among the western hills of a great Northern state, and, so far from "sacrificing" my individuality or "losing" any principle because I have crossed Mason's and Dixon's line, I am breathing the very atmosphere where a man's individuality is best developed, and where there

is no temptation to yield a "principle" as the alternative of a dungeon or the gallows. I came to exchange hot walls and a war-begirt city for green fields and warbling birds. I heard the forests and the flowers taking up the invitation of the Savior—"Come unto me and I will give you rest." I came praying that God would take me up in his arms as a little child, and, in an opportunity of quietness, imprint upon my soul some new lessons of his love and truth. May I tell you my experience? I feel like beginning in the orthodox class-meeting style—"I am thankful that I am permitted once more to enjoy this means of grace"—for it is a means of grace. At any rate it seemed like a grand sanctuary when I stepped into this valley and listened to the choir of birds singing as God taught them how, and heard the music of Summer as it resounded in the forests.

It was early one morning in August when I took a seat in the cars leaving Washington, and about one o'clock the same night when I alighted in the Pittsburg depot. I am so tired myself of the old song of railroad journeyings, doled out over and over again in our newspaper and magazine columns, that I will pass on with a single remark. I observed that, till we reached the Pennsylvania line, travelers were very reserved and incommunicative. Just as we came out into daylight some distance from Washington, we began to look around at each other rather suspiciously. There is supposed to be a nest of those horrible creatures, the secessionists, in the city, and we seemed to be saying to each other with our eyes, "I wonder if you are one." You know they love darkness, and there is a Scripture reason for it. They shut out the light from the South, and then in the dark scattered disaffection; they huddled together in conventions, keeping the windows and doors shut, and then secretly slipped whole States out of the Union. When they fight it is behind masks, and, true to the original inspiration of the movement, they dodge and hide about the federal Capital, seeking what they may devour, and then sneak away in the early morning trains to Baltimore, or else find their way out into some other part of Maryland.

After a nap of three hours and a royal breakfast at the St. Charles, I mounted a stage-coach behind a good team, whose feet it soon appeared had about five-miles-an-hour activity in them. Crossing one of the beautiful bridges which link Pittsburg with its suburban towns over the Monongahela, we slowly and by a winding road gained the top of the high bluff, whose Gibraltar-like sternness frowns upon the city crouching at its feet. "Like a shaft of light" lay the river

between the hills and the black city. As we rode along

"Sunrise was slanting on the city gates
Rosy and beautiful, and from the hills
The early-risen poor were coming in
Duly and cheerfully to their toil, and up
Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum
Of moving wheels and multitudes astir,
And all that in a city murmur swells,
Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear
Aching with night's dull silence, or the sick
Hailing the welcome light and sounds that chase
The death-like images of the dark away."

By noon I was among my friends, and had given to the embraces of a widowed mother her youngest son, whom I had accompanied from his camp, where rigorous military duties had been too much for an enfeebled body, but not for the brave heart that beat within it.

The place where I am writing is the upper-story window of a substantial farm-house—so substantial that I am using the window-frame for a table, made wide enough by the exceeding thickness of the wall. To the right a short distance from the house is the barn—and that word means something in Pennsylvania—from which the cows are just going out to their duties in the pasture, and I hear the tinkling of their bells as Natty closes the gate behind them. To the left and down the shaded hill is the dairy, with its clear-running stream, pure milk-pans, and creaking churn. There is an opening in the foliage, and through it a most beautiful vista—hill over-topping hill, crowned with golden sunlight, marked with lines of fence, dividing them into ten and twenty-acre fields, with a few oaks sprinkled here and there upon summit or slope. If I walk down to the garden gate there is drawn up before me one of the best brigades in the service of the country. There it stands, rank and file, awaiting the commands of General Appetite, each man in a uniform of green, with a waving plume and a plentiful supply of little white bullets in his pocket. They pass the hours day after day pleasantly nodding to each other,

"Till the soft and juicy kernels
Grow like wampum hard and yellow,
And the ripened ears be gathered."

I am impressed with the stillness of the scene. It is not solitude, for just around me are the busy workings of farm life, and over there about a mile is "uncle David's," a large brick, nestling among the trees, in sight of which you can not feel lonely. But the charm of every country scene is that every thing is still. How easily day and night melt into each other! How quietly do the seasons come and go! How noiselessly

comes up the grain out of the ground! How patiently mute stand the trees while Winter strips their limbs, and hangs upon them his ice-jewels; and then when Spring touches them how noiselessly come out their thousand little tokens of acknowledgment! In the beauty of silence do the flowers peep out in the Summer's morn, and wait for the bees to sip their honey. The very air seems to have made a covenant to-day not to disturb a leaf. And what adds to this impression of stillness, perhaps, is the fact that so little change is going on. In ten years a whole city may become new, but who ever heard of a fence or a farm-house becoming unfashionable? Who would make war upon these beautifully-curved hill-sides? Who would plan a forest or trim a leaf?

There is a big tree standing all alone out there that my eyes falls upon every day. Grand old oak, what a fuss the city people would make over it if they had it in one of their streets! They'd call it "The City Oak," or "The Forest King," or "Congress Oak," or some other very aristocratic name. The Corporation would pass a law to fence it in, his Honor the Mayor would sign the bill, a very costly iron railing would go up around it, and the monarch would be a prisoner. Placards would be posted, "All persons are forbidden," etc. Great stories would be recited to all visitors, and every body would look with reverence at the rough, crusty old bark, the crooked, wide-reaching arms, and the spread-out leaves. Travelers would write a description of it, and it would pass into the history of the land. Suppose it had led a city life, how much better would it have been? It has a history. How many years has the eye of our Father been upon it! Not a day has he forgotten it since long ago the shell of the acorn burst and out came the tiny sprout. Where did that acorn come from? May be the tree *has* an aristocratic parentage. What became of all the acorns dropped by the "Charter Oak?" What if some traveler picked up a few, and, bringing them away in his pocket, deposited one here? What if some cavalier, loyal to King Charles, plucked an acorn from the tree that shielded his master and planted it? What if some descendant, emigrating to the New World, joined the old home with the new by an oak-link? Suppose this were the tree, or the child of it. But then, like a true American, discarding any merit of birth, it has had a career of its own. It grew to be strong by drinking in the juices of the earth. It grew to be graceful by listening to the whispers of the Summer evening's air. It won the love of the brute creation by giving a home in its safe nooks to the little birds God sent to it, and by bearing the

fierce heat of the Summer's noon for the suffering cattle. Many a time has it said to the harvester, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee," and he thankfully accepted the offering of shelter for his midday meal.

What is the use of talking about a tree? Has n't every body one in his yard? Yes, and that is the very reason I talk about it. A very beautiful thing about all natural scenery is it belongs to every body. Only the rich can buy pictures of trees, and birds, and sunsets, but the sunsets and the birds themselves God gives to the poorest of his children. And he only is rich who enjoys them, to whose inner eye they speak. To have a tree in your yard is not to make it yours. Do you talk to it? You have been blind if all the beauty you see in the grass is the amount of hay it will make. There is a power of thinking and of loving in your soul yet unawakened if you cultivate flowers only to group them in bouquets for your parlor mantles. As the lilies do not toil for their beauty, neither do the mountains for their grandeur, nor the ocean for its majesty.

This beautiful valley was long ago named "Union." Whether it be so, because of the peace and good-will among the people, or that the farms nestle together so lovingly, I know not. At any rate, there was in the giving of that name an unconscious prophecy of its devotion to the Government, in its painful struggle. It is unfamed in history, but not unworthy of a master's canvas. One day I gained a very high point, from which the whole valley opened out before me. I stood at the end of an amphitheater, whose walls sloped outward, by a succession of gentle hills, each one rising higher than that in front of it. It was as though two flights of stairs led down from the sky, facing each other. There was no plane any where, even the pit an undulating surface, whose rolling mounds of rich soil half hid the stanch-looking dwellings, scattered profusely among them. Groups of bushes, like broideder tufts, crowded in the ravines, and lines of forest stretched away in every direction, like columns upon a battlefield. Upon the green hill-sides, and down in the valleys between, where occasionally, as far as I could see, a little stream ran out and caught the light, frequent flocks of sheep and herds of cattle were quietly browsing in the sun. An August sky, cloudless and radiant, roofed the vast amphitheater, and seemed to rest, like a dome, upon the outer ridge. Posted under the shade of a large tree, my eye swept over this beautiful landscape, and I wished you had an engraving of it for the Repository. An intelligent traveler who had seen many rare views in both worlds pronounced this the most charming he had ever seen. I do not

wonder that the French adventurers a century ago said to themselves, "We must have this land for France," or that young Washington, returning from his fruitless errand to them, was filled with an undying enthusiasm for the freedom of America. The ten companies gone from this county to hold up their country's flag, are the inspired children of a soil beautiful as it is free.

I will soon cross the Alleghanies, and, hastening home, again be swallowed up in the whirl of war. Let me say, however, there is no class of men whose esteem I covet more than the farmers. Not the city-bred farmer, who would till the soil upon counting-room principles, not the amateur in this business, a dapper, diminutive affair, that flits about your streets and *salons*, and, for a bit of an adventure in the Summer, tolerates the country awhile, perfumed with "jockey club," and armed with umbrella and cane—I mean the man who knows how to make banks turn out something better than a scrap of paper with a little engraving and scribbling on it; who deals in stock, it is true, but of a sort that is not affected by politics; strong men, broad-chested, sun-tanned, clear-eyed, honest-thinking men, whom the very soil seems to respect, and the beasts to love, and upon whom all nature smiles and confesses to be her rightful keepers. These men are real. They are born where to live means to grow. They witness the processes of life, understand its laws, send it into the famishing towns, and are the life-guards of the world. They are men of discernment. They see through a thing at once, and detect what is good or bad in character, whether it be cattle, produce, men, politics, or religion. They eschew what is gaudy or flimsy, and with the oaks for their teachers, seek the solid in every thing. They won't read sensation newspapers or listen to sensation preachers; they quietly pick to pieces the cobweb reasoning stump orators, and with a single stroke of common-sense, sweep into nothingness the fabrics of visionary theorists. Such a man might make a poor dancing-master, seldom figures behind a mustache with waxed ends, and would be a little awkward in nosing gold-framed eye-glasses, or twittering French phrases; but our fathers can remember the time when an earnest grasp of the hand, though hard and brown, an eye glowing with honest pleasure, and a straight-forward Anglo-Saxon word of welcome betokened the gentleman quite as surely as the other accomplishments.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me

"T is only noble to be good;

Kind hearts are more than coronets,

And simple faith than Norman blood."

THE RESTING DAY.

THIS weekly suspension of toils, this weekly undoing of the burdens of our labors from our backs, reconciles us to the sentence of labor, and we bend to our task as sons of Adam with more willing minds. All our life is not toil; it is not one unceasing round of work; we can refresh our wearied bodies, our jaded minds; we can put off the yoke from our necks, and, as it were, stretch our limbs. O, how great are the blessings of the Lord's day! O, how happy a thing it is for us that we may have some reprieve from work! It is not all work—work! We can put down the spade and plow; we can get rid of buying and selling; we can close our shops and leave the bale of goods; we can let the fire go out in the forge; we can let the cattle rest in the stalls and not drive team; we can get rid of clients, and consultations, and disputes; we can escape factories and looms, and the air of workshops; we can put down the needle and give rest to the weary fingers and aching eyes; we can fly from the counter and tedious customers, from the desk and dry-goods accounts; we can escape all the din, clatter, and noise of the busy-working world, and have one day out of seven a day of peace; we can commune with our own hearts and be still. All then is calm, all is quiet; quiet are the shops; quiet are the fields and the road; something of the peace of heaven passes over the world, and we feel that such stillness is from the throne of God.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

O, God, our refuge and our trust,
Our help in time of need,
With thy unfailing arm of power
Our hosts to battle lead.

Be thou our shield and sure defense,
From wrath and ruin spare;
To us be strength, and to our foes
A terror and a snare.

Our cause is thine, our hope is thee;
Stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And let thy rod of righteousness
Extend o'er all the land.

O, Thou, our helper and our guide,
"Who maketh wars to cease,"
Lead safely through the battle tide
Unto the land of peace.

And not to us, not unto us,
When all our foes shall fall,
Shall be the praise of victory,
But thee, O Lord of all.

WORSHIP OF OUR OWN WILL.

BY THRACE TALMON.

THE first of our race were rebels against God. This rebellion resulted from a desire to submit to no will but self-will. It was not perfectly designed in its first conception, nor was the conception simultaneous with the completion. It was derivative and not absolute. Rebellion in human hearts began with a desire, which was suggested by the spirit of evil in the individual character of one of the angels who kept not their first estate. This desire was probably cherished some time by reflection before it became a purpose. But the purpose once formed, the act quickly succeeded.

This is the generic history of every act of rebellion against the authority of God. No soul ever fell from its allegiance to right by means of the sin contained alone in the final event. It is first tempted by evil spirits, who assume the form of some besetting sin, and at this stage of experience the soul may easily escape from participation in evil. But yielding, a purpose or will is gradually formed, and unless some powerful intervention transpires, this will remains firm and tenacious till means are secured for commission of the sin.

"And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat." She had seen the interdicted tree with the natural eyes before, but after the temptation her interior sight was opened; for she had received the communication of the tempter and incorporated it with her affections, and from the affections or desire the transition to use is always capable of being sudden.

This act of rebellion against the law of God was the seed-germ of self-will in place of the Divine will. Every sin is transmissible. Circumstances being favorable, the transmission takes on an especially-prominent form. In Cain rebellion appeared in increased strength. The purity of the will was more sullied—the purpose more largely and deeply evil.

Interventions of good are ever operating to obstruct the culmination of evil. In hearts where such Divine influence, by the agency of pure and holy angels, finds an easy reception, the accomplishment of righteousness often becomes great and incalculable in extent. Hence the lives of good men and women, whose wills have been rectified by submission to the will of God.

It has been proved by the history of mankind that nothing so surely prevents the soul from

innocence, uprightness, and fellowship with God, as the worship of self-will. Consequently, nothing is more disastrous to permanent happiness. Will-worship is demonstrated sinful—

1. In rebellion against the government of God.
2. In rebellion against the government of man, which is founded upon the summary of the moral law—the love of God supremely, and the love of the neighbor as ourselves.

The government of God is foreign to the will of man; yet man can not divest himself of the idea that he is governed by a superior though incomprehensible and omniscient Power. The language of Job is in every heart: "Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I can not perceive him: on the left hand where he doth work, but I can not behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I can not see him; but he knoweth the way that I take."

Inasmuch as the government of God is complete in itself, not being in the least dependent upon other power, it is superior to all authority of which finite ideas can have conception. It is also superior, by reason of its absolute perfection. The chief element of this infinite superiority is incomprehensibility. Many theologians and metaphysicians would seek to rob God of this attribute by squaring his character and laws as revealed in the Word to human comprehension and human standards of action. They charge those ideas of his mystery to superstition, blending the mysteries of man's diseased imagination with this most sublime of all the attributes which inspiration has given to his being and essence.

God has revealed enough of himself for us to comprehend our duties to him and to our fellow-creatures, which revelation is perfectly adapted to our present state of existence. If we attempt to investigate his laws by announcing propositions which we would persuade ourselves are alone compatible with Divine government, but which are obviously opposed to the letter and spirit of his revealed will, whether we employ the phraseology of an orthodox believer or that of a free-thinking heresiarch, we are but blindly demonstrating rebellion to the government of a Being who, notwithstanding all the ambition of human sophism, remains to-day as he has been from the beginning—"past finding out." This alone must be the rational conclusion of all such unwarranted speculations, however grand and bold in design or polished in execution.

No rules can be laid down by the wisest and best whereby we may so govern ourselves as to ever keep in health, in prosperity, or in life itself. Sickness, misfortune, and death have free passages into the best-appointed places. Every hu-

man mind is fallible and liable to lapses from its own standard. Wisdom sometimes forsakes philosophers; discretion is not always at home with the discreet; and even religion would seem to give place to that which can not supply its lack. *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*, says Pliny.

That God is always wise, always good in his government over mankind, and that this government extends to the minutest affairs of life, must be obvious to every reflecting mind. To acknowledge this perfect and beautiful truth, in theory, is easy; but to live it, is the most difficult of all lessons which the heart must learn.

We testify our rebellion to the government of God when we are dissatisfied with our apportionment in life. This is the first and most natural form of rebellion. We want something which we have not got, and which we ought not to possess; or we seek to rid ourselves of that which God has appointed to be our lot. If this rebellion is cherished it gathers strength, which puts on a fearful power to accomplish evil. We forget that the discipline of trial is a part of the Divine plan for the perfecting of our character. We do not recognize the beauty of shadow—like Queen Elizabeth, who would not allow her artist to put any shadows upon portraits, "because," she said, "shade is an accident, and not in nature."

We would likewise persuade ourselves that whatever darkens our will is an "accident," and must not be tolerated.

Persons who abandon themselves to despair by reason of the dark conflict between Providence and self-will, are examples of this class of rebellion. Since God never wholly deserts the upright, who hope in his mercy, it always appears that the way to the dungeons of despair and the grave of the suicide is circuitous, and, in some one or more details, contrary to the Divine rule of faith and practice.

Perhaps history does not furnish a more perfect example of this devious course than in the life and untimely death of Chatterton—

"That marvelous boy who perished in his pride."

Commencing the career of authorship at eleven and a half years by a satire on a Methodist, who had abandoned his sect from interested motives, his visions of earthly glory and immortality were early clouded by the most brilliant hues of his imagination. He believed that he was destined for extraordinary fortune, and being in poverty, with no apparent means for compassing his wishes, he selected that which his perverted taste most readily impressed into his service; namely, *deception*. If he had but used his own talents in a legitimate method, there is every evidence

from his few published poems that he would ultimately have honorably attained that for which he zealously strove by unworthy means. But he could not wait for the leadings of God's government, therefore his resort was the government of his own will. The result was a signal warning to all who may be tempted to compass their own ends by deceiving their fellow-beings. His attempted frauds were each and all brought to light. Want and woe increased upon him daily. He was frequently destitute of even bread and water. Finally, after being without food for several days, he poisoned himself, when he had not reached eighteen years of age!

Not less does man show rebellion to all authority which comes from God and conflicts with his own will, when in prosperity. Many a person has been a commendable disciple of good, till success turned his brain and hardened the heart.

It is recorded of Alexander the Great, who, in his fifteenth year, was placed under the immediate tuition of the philosopher Aristotle, by whose advice his earlier education had also been conducted, "The master was worthy of his pupil, and the pupil of his master." But the incomparable heritage of the Macedonian monarchy with the added splendor of conquered countries, rapidly built up the self-will and self-worship of the youthful hero; so that but a few years, replete with brilliant victories and almost priceless spoils, elapsed before he received divine honors, contrary to the advice and warnings of his best counselors, and to one of his most faithful friends, who refused his adoration in no courtly terms, awarded a fatal blow by his own hand. The philosopher Callisthenes, who had mildly represented the sin of paying adoration due only to divine beings to any man, however great, was seized upon some slight pretext and thrown into a dungeon, where he was subjected to most agonizing tortures which caused his death. "Yes," says Seneca in reply to the enumeration of the brilliant exploits of Alexander, "but he murdered Callisthenes!" This foulest blot upon the escutcheon of the illustrious prince was but the direct result of his will to supersede the idea of a Divine government. But the conqueror of conquerors, whose ambition had built a tower of glory even to the heavens, was most ingloriously conquered himself in his thirty-third year, by the fatal "cup of Hercules."

Many other examples might be cited to illustrate the worship of self in rebellion against the government of God, but a single prominent instance will serve as a representative of the whole historical class.

We rebel against the government of God when we refuse to receive the holy inspiration of his

Word. The intrinsic excellence of many portions of the Scriptures, as a literary work abounding in striking figures, beautiful imagery, concise argument, and superior resources of thought, has been often acknowledged by even those who saw no Divine truth beneath the surface-letter. These have caviled at what they are pleased to term the imperfections of the Bible; in proof of which they bring science, chronology, and correct taste for their strength and defense. They claim superior knowledge and resources of reason to the wayfaring man, and affirm that they think by means of rationals rather than by absurd traditions; when the truth is, their perception extends no farther than the letter and the mere expression, without penetrating to the spirit, which, like "a fire infolding itself," emits light and heat in inexhaustible and infinitely-increasing power. Every student of the Bible, who has brought a spirit of submission to God to his investigation, knows the wonderfully-increasing influx of truth and beauty in exact proportion to the degree of his preparation for its reception. Every student of the Bible who has brought a supreme confidence in his own intelligence in rebellion against Divine truth and love, has derived equal resources for continued doubt and unbelief. Unless a change, wrought out by self-imposed obedience to God in response to the constant action of holy influences upon his spirit and life, is effected, this will-worship, in contradistinction from the pure adoration of God, not only will progress during the mortal state, but will gather to itself new powers of rebellion in eternity.

Every phrase, every word of the Bible has a correspondence to Divine truth. The terms of the expression of this truth are adapted to place and circumstances; hence their supposed fallibility. The alleged incongruities of the Mosaic account of the creation, with the demonstrations of science, owe their factitious power to bold assumption instead of clear argument. Statements are announced with the coolest denial of the right of inspiration to be our authority, which, upon examination, are proved to be without foundation or reason. Eminent and thoroughly-conscientious men of science have furnished clear testimony that the systems of inspiration and nature are in the most perfect and wonderful harmony. Minds of the order of Sir Isaac Newton, whose lives were devoted to the investigation of truth, were in the most natural way of making discoveries, or unearthing ancient systems which would conflict with the ordinary bases of knowledge. Says Dr. Buckland: "No one who believes the Bible to be the Word of God, has cause to fear any discrepancy between this, his Word, and the results of any discoveries respecting the nature

of his works. . . . The prejudiced persecutors of Galileo apprehended danger to religion from the discoveries of a science, in which a Kepler and a Newton found demonstrations of the most sublime and glorious attributes of the Creator."

It is seen from a close study of the sacred Word that there existed another word or parts of a word, between both which a connection exists. Mention is made to "the book of the wars of the Lord," "the book of Enoch," "the book of the prophet Iddo," and to others which have no existence save in this record. This fact ought not to be forgotten when we take into account the history of the most ancient Church.

Much in the Bible, and especially in the Old Testament, is representative and allegorical, in conformity to the natural adaptation of the human mind to this manner of receiving truth, and more exactly in conformity to the primitive peoples of the ancient Church, who lived, as it were, by signs and symbols, rather than by abstract reason and solid significatives. "For it is written," says Paul in his Epistle to the Galatians, "that Abraham had two sons; the one by a bond-maid, the other by a free-woman. But he who was of the bond-woman was born after the flesh; but he of the free-woman was by promise. *Which things are an allegory*: for these are the two covenants; the one from the Mount Sinai, which gendereth to bondage, which is Agar. For this Agar is Mount Sinai in Arabia, and answereth to Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children. But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all." Galatians iv, 22-26.

It will be found that many accounts in the Scriptures, which are incomprehensible to the mere surface-standards of truth and right, "answer to" things which are apparent only to the spiritual sense. These need no apology or defense. It is our own want of understanding and clear-seeing which require allowance and excuse.

The speculation is not an idle or fruitless one, that a part of the "blest employ" of the angels is the study of these mysteries in all their endless variety of beauty and truth, which now to mortals are but dimly appreciable or wholly incomprehensible.

The strongest proof of the absolute perfection of the sacred canon, for the government of the race, is demonstrated in the fact that in those parts of our world where this canon has no existence or recognition, the people are in a condition, morally and physically, of the greatest degradation and sin. A writer upon the worship of the Hindoos observes: "There is an utter destitution of moral principle. There is some abstaining from crime for fear of the law; and some acting

upon the supposition that, in particular instances, 'honesty' will prove to be 'the best policy.' . . . No one is kind, or faithful, or honest—tells the truth, keeps his word, practices any moral virtue, or abstains from any vice, on principle; and where no one does these things on principle, no one does them constantly, and few do them even habitually. The population is thoroughly demoralized; and vice, thus taught and practiced for ages, has produced both mental and physical imbecility."

In proportion as the Bible is the rule of faith and practice among men civilization advances, by the means of respect to the rights of the neighbor, of protection to the weak, and vindication of the true and upright. And when this rule declines in effective spirit, persecution and crime, in all their dark and terrible phases, speedily ensue, till what was a garden of peace and plenty is transformed into a waste, howling wilderness, and a den of satyrs and demons.

The finest systems of philosophy as such, enounced by a Zoroaster, a Pythagoras, a Lycurgus, or a Seneca, fall powerless on the universal mind, in their utter inadequacy to supply the immortal thirst of the soul for a code of life like that of the Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes. Socrates and Plato acknowledged the need for a Divine inspiration. Every tribe and people of the earth have some system which they profess to have been derived from supernatural intelligence. Whatever grains of truth these superstitions contain are obviously derived from the Jewish Scriptures, by means of tradition, which fact not only proves the common origin of the race, but also the common origin of the universal idea of a divine revelation having been given to man.

If it is affirmed that Christians who profess to be guided by the Bible are sometimes found in sinful practices, equal in point of enormity to those of the heathen world, the argument falls powerless against the real fact, which is that such transgressors of the law of right are not guided by the spirit of the sacred Word; but, on the contrary, they are inflexible adherents to a government by their own will in secret rebellion against the authority of God. Let such lives be closely examined, and they will be found opposed to the pure influences of the Divine law and in close communication with false doctrines and false precepts of action. Their pretensions may be unspotted from the vice of the world; but their actual possessions are covered, in most cases, by a hypocrisy, which continually acquires power and resource for the commission of sin, and which, when released from the vale of the flesh, is clearly revealed, so that they are seen and known of all.

The history of the world has never furnished a true example of a life, strictly guided by the law of God and in allegiance to his government, which departed into the devious course of sin. The best men are those who take the Bible for their doctrine, reproof, and instruction, in the most thorough and reverential manner. They become imbued with its spirit, and their hearts are more and more prepared for the reception of its hidden truth, so that at death they are meet to be partakers of its glorious fruition, which is the inheritance of good angels in light.

We rebel against the government of God when we profess to believe in the divine origin of the sacred writings, but would wrest their words into conformity to the desires of our own will. From this rebellion have proceeded the different militant systems of religion which have prevailed and now exist among men. God is not the author of confusion, but of peace, and charity, and love unfeigned. Says one of his chief apostles, "Now I beseech you, by the meekness and gentleness of Christ . . . For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." These strongholds were not the fortifications of earthly power and ecclesiastical authority, but are explained as "casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

When these imaginations exalt themselves into an overbalance of power and from thence to tyranny and persecution, they are contrary to the knowledge of God as revealed in his Word, and they are in captivity to self-will, which is in obedience to the spirit of evil. Different denominations of Christians, all based upon systems fundamentally alike and alike derived from the true spirit of the Bible, are, doubtless, in conformity to the Divine will; for since there are varying orders of mind with varying degrees of intelligence and experience, there must necessarily arise a variety of modes by which these minds may seek an entrance into the divine life. But when these denominations war one with another, or one with all others, it becomes manifestly a dark period in the history of the universal Church, or with the particular Church engaged in such warfare.

Doubtless an allusion is intended to the harmony of Christians of different sects and names in the following beautiful passage of God's Word: "I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah-tree and the myrtle, and the oil-tree; I will set in the desert the fir-tree, and the pine, and the box-tree together: that they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together,

that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it." Isaiah xli, 19, 20.

All the prominent men of the Church, in every age, who have instigated and accomplished persecution of those who could not or would not assent to their interpretation of sacred doctrine, are proven, not alone by single acts, but by the whole tenor of their lives, to have been characterized for indomitable self-will. They interpreted the will of God in exact consonance with their own views of right and wrong. The God whom they worshiped was after their own hearts, and their annunciations of his character and government were but the revelations of their own character and government. The letter of the Bible was, therefore, skillfully wrested to substantiate these revelations of self-will, and was made to accomplish a creed which, in most instances, served for the use of multitudes.

There is, perhaps, no doctrine ever invented by man, but what, by man's art and labor, may be corroborated by the Bible, to *appearance*. If the spiritual eye of the inventor be evil, his whole system of faith will be full of darkness—and how great is that darkness! But if the eye be single to the glory of God, which consists in maintaining his government to the subversion of all rebellious will, the whole system will be full of light.

In no way do we testify our rebellion against the government of God and our adhesion to ourselves more powerfully, than in a refusal to submit our spirits in holy consecration to his service. This surrender of the spirit, in every instance, implies a surrender of self-will; which will in no two minds operates precisely alike; and, consequently, no two instances of the changing or conversion of the will from the service of self to the service of God are in exact conformity. "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?" inquired the youth who had kept all the commandments. He was required to do that which made him sorrowful—wherefore? The sacrifice crossed his will, for he had great possessions, which, doubtless, he loved better than his God.

"Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" asked the disciples of Jesus. A little child was set in the midst of them, and they were told that except they were changed and became as little children—in spirit or will—they could not even enter heaven. Again he said, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but *he that doeth the will* of my Father which is in heaven."

Every heart has some god to which the natural

will clings with a tenacity well-nigh equal to the very existence. This object of idolatry is best known to each heart by means of self-examination under the illuminating influences of the Holy Spirit. Once discovered, it must be dethroned to give place to the only true God, or we can never enter into life. The right eye must be plucked out; the right hand cut off. The will must be rectified. This great work is sometimes accomplished by an affliction, which seems the most trying of all others, for the reason that it conflicts with self-will. God has various methods of winning our hearts to himself; but every method is perfectly adapted to its use. It should be the constant watch of our hearts to bring self-will into true and sweet cooperation with the will of God, ever remembering his command—"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Our next paper will treat of the second topic of this subject—rebellion against human government—which includes the origin and nature of civil faction and war.

SUNNY HOURS.

BY ANNIE M. CROSS.

"Somewhere in Germany there is an old dial-plate bearing this inscription: 'I mark only the hours that shine.'"

ONLY the sunbeams reflected!

Beautiful thought!

Darkness and clouds are neglected,

Marking them not.

Vainly the storm-cloud may lower,

Shadows and gloom have no power;

Only the sunny hour

Is ne'er forgot.

Canst thou not learn from the dial,

Spirit of mine,

In the dark season of trial,

Not to repine?

Pause not to brood o'er thy sorrow,

Sadness or trouble to borrow;

Have patience, perchance will the morrow

Bring hours that shine.

SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS OF MAN.

A DEW-DROP, falling on the ocean wave,
Exclaimed in fear, "I perish in this grave;"
But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvelous beauty grew;
And, happy now, the grace did magnify
Which thrust it forth—as it had feared—to die;
Until again, "I perish, quite," it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed.
O unbelieving! So it came to gleam,
Chief jewel, in a monarch's diadem.—TRENCH.

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF THE GOSPEL.

BY REV. ABEL STEVENS, LL. D.

(SECOND PAPER.)

METHODISM IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

GREAT success awaited this enterprise of evangelization in Oceanica. The London Missionary Society, whose operations in the southern archipelago form one of the most extraordinary chapters in the history of the modern Church, attempted a mission in the Friendly Islands in 1797; but some of its messengers were murdered, others took refuge in the rocks and dens of the islands, and at last left the field. In 1822 Walter Lawry began the Wesleyan mission in Tonga, but he was compelled, by domestic afflictions, to return the next year to New South Wales. In 1826 it was resumed at Hihifo by John Thomas and John Hutchinson; and in 1827 William Cross, Nathaniel Turner, and Weiss, a local preacher of Sydney, went to their assistance, and founded a station at Tongataboo. And thus, writes a visitor to these islands, began that gracious work which has resulted in bringing the whole population, with the exception of a few in Tonga, more or less under the influence of Christianity.

Though the mission had been suspended more than a score of years, since the failure of the agents of the London Missionary Society, the new evangelists were gratefully surprised to find at Nukualafu two native converts from the mission of that society in Tahiti, who were endeavoring to teach Christianity to the people. The Tahitian language was but slightly understood by the islanders, yet these humble men had erected a chapel, which was attended by two hundred and forty of the inhabitants, including their principal chief, and a deep impression had evidently been made in favor of the Gospel. It now had speedy effect, and spread with an energy and success which have hardly had a parallel since the apostolic age, if indeed that age itself affords an equal example. The first teachers of Christianity certainly had no such ferocious barbarism to combat as the infanticide, cannibalism, and other savage customs of these islands presented; and no records show more rapid Christian changes than have been wrought among them.

Early in 1830 John Thomas went to Sifuka, the principal of the Habai Islands. Startling facts there greeted him. The king, afterward destined to be a distinguished character in the religious history of Oceanica, had abandoned his paganism, and was worshiping the true God; the temples of the idols had been converted into dwellings, and a complete triumph was already

prepared for the Gospel. This great revolution had proceeded from an apparently small cause. The king had visited Tonga; the truth he there heard had taken hold upon his conscience; he had returned home, accompanied by a Christian native and his wife, teachers at Tonga, and these converts had become apostles in the new district. Thomas forthwith preached among them and began schools, supplying them with native teachers. He baptized the king and other converts. The king erected a large chapel, and from a thousand to fifteen hundred people crowded to the public worship. A thirst for Christian knowledge being awakened among the natives, they assembled daily for catechetical instruction, the king and his chiefs setting the example, and standing in the circle with them every morning to respond to the questions of the missionary. "The king was very zealous in bringing over the people from idolatry, and young and old, rich and poor, master and servants, might now be seen renouncing the worship of idols and turning to the true God. Among others was Tamaha, a female chief of the highest rank, who had been regarded as a deity, and was one of the pillars of the popular superstition."

The good work spread quickly to other islands. The Christian king went, with twenty-four canoes, on a visit to Finau, King of Vavau, and exhorted him to cast away his idols. His word was effective. The King of Vavau gave orders to his servants to acknowledge the true God, and to set on fire the temples of their deities. Some of these buildings were appropriated as dwellings, but no less than eighteen of them were consumed as a testimony against idolatry. A thousand natives joined their sovereign at once in renouncing paganism. Their visitors from the Habai Islands were busily employed from morning till night in imparting to them the elementary instructions of Christianity.

A reinforcement of three preachers, Nathaniel Turner, James Watkins, and William Wood, arrived at Nukualafa in 1831. The difficulty of preparing manuscript books, for the eager demands of the instructed natives, had become formidable to the missionaries; a press was, therefore, brought by the new laborers, and now translated portions of the Scriptures, catechisms, hymn-books, and school-books were scattered with all possible speed, for the characteristic mental alertness of the people had rendered the task of their instruction in reading singularly rapid. They were astonished at the sight of the mechanical operations of the press throwing off the means of their intellectual and moral regeneration. A narrator of these wonderful scenes says: "Thousands of the books were in a short time

circulated, and were read with great interest. The missionaries were assisted by a host of native helpers, not only teachers of schools, but class-leaders, exhorters, and even local preachers. The overthrow of idolatry, and the reception of Christianity, in the various islands, were in fact effected very much through the instrumentality of the natives themselves. In the schools were some thousands of scholars, of whom a large portion were adults, and about one-half females. Several hundreds of the natives, both male and female, were employed as teachers, among whom were some of the most influential of the chiefs and their wives. Many of the females, besides learning to read, were taught to sew by the wives of the missionaries; and it was truly surprising to see the rapidity with which they acquired this useful art, and the neatness of their work. The religious instruction communicated by the natives contributed essentially to the downfall of paganism, not only in their own and neighboring islands, but even in islands at a great distance. One day the missionaries at Vavau observed three canoes approaching the shore, which proved to be from the island of Nina-fo-ou, three hundred miles distant, which no missionaries had ever visited. Some of the Vavau converts, however, had been there; and such was the effect of their statements that the whole of the inhabitants had cast away their idols. One of their visitors they had detained to afford them further instruction."

Such sudden and incredible changes, among the worst savages on the globe, might indeed challenge doubt of their permanence, were they not now confirmed by more than a quarter of a century. The missionaries well knew that these external triumphs must depend for their security upon the inward personal regeneration of the people. A royal caprice, an ambitious chief, a warlike irruption, might confound all, unless the awakened consciences and purified hearts of the reformed thousands could guarantee it. Hundreds of genuine personal conversions had been witnessed; but the evangelists labored incessantly to render the entire revolution a spiritual and personal reformation. It took more and more this character, and in July, 1834, one of those great moral awakenings, known in all Protestant lands as "revivals," spread over the islands with profound effect. It began in Vavau, was soon prevalent among the Habai Islands, and reached the Tonga group. "Now, hundreds of men, women, and children, including some of the principal chiefs, might be seen in deep distress, weeping and crying to God for his mercy. Many trembled as if they were about to be judged at the bar of God. For a time the people laid aside

their ordinary employments, and gave themselves up entirely to religious exercises. The missionaries went about among them, imparting instruction and pointing them to Christ, and many of them soon found peace in believing. The work was not confined to the principal islands, but spread, like fire among stubble, through the whole of them. In a short time every island had caught the flame; every-where the people were earnestly seeking the Lord, or rejoicing because they had found him. This religious movement was followed by a remarkable reformation of manners. Among other sins polygamy was abandoned; marriage became general, and the natives were more decent and modest in their apparel, many of them dressing in the English style. They set a high value on the means of grace. They kept the Sabbath with remarkable strictness, resting from labor, and employing the whole day in the public and private exercises of religion. They also maintained morning and evening worship daily. In their prayers there was an affectionate simplicity. Their former hatred of each other was exchanged for love." "On Tuesday, July 27th," says Turner, of Vavau, "we believe that not fewer than one thousand souls were converted; not now from dumb idols only, but from the power of Satan unto God. For a week or two we were not able to hold the schools, but had prayer meetings six times a day. We could not speak five minutes before all were in tears, and numbers prostrated before the Lord, absorbed in deep concern about their salvation. This has not been like the dew descending upon the tender herb, but as the spring-tide, or as the overflowing of some mighty river; all the mounds of sin have been swept away; the Lord has bowed the whole island to his way. We have to hold two prayer meetings daily. We have ascertained that the total number in society is 3,066; and the number converted, for the most part within the past six weeks, is 2,262." "In the morning," says Tucker, of the Habai Islands, "we repaired to the house of prayer as soon as it was light. The Lord made 'the place of his feet glorious;' the stout-hearted began to tremble; there was a mighty shaking among the dry bones. What a solemn but joyful sight to behold! One thousand or more individuals bowed before the Lord, weeping at the feet of Jesus! I never saw such distress, never heard such prayers for mercy, or such confessions of sins before. These things were universal, from the greatest chiefs in the land to the meanest individuals, and of both sexes, old and young. The Lord heard the sighing of the prisoners; he bound up many a broken-hearted sinner in that meeting, and proclaimed liberty to many a captive. We were engaged

nearly the whole day in this blessed work. I attended four services, and witnessed hundreds of precious souls made happy by a sense of the Savior's love on that day and the preceding evening. We have not yet received an account, from all the islands, of those who have obtained peace with God during this revival; but from the number already brought in by the leaders, we believe that upward of 2,000 were converted to God in the course of a fortnight."

Taufauhau, the King of the Habai Islands, who had been baptized with the name of George, and his queen Charlotte, were active in these remarkable scenes. He became a class-leader, and afterward a local preacher, and thus gave to that useful branch of the Methodist ministry the peculiar distinction of the first royal name of the modern Christian ministry. Personally, intellectually, and morally, he is fitted to be a king. He is of colossal physical proportions, of calm and dignified manners, has a face expressive of the best character, is brave, prudent, clement, and decided. His portraits need but the longer hair of Washington to be almost a fac-simile of that great man. He has given his people a code of laws, necessarily simple in their adaptation to the islanders, but unsurpassed, in their Christian morality, by the legislation of any civilized nation. He commands not only the reverence but the affection of his people and of his lowest menials. In a scene which will recall to American Methodists the well-known example of Garrettson, he emancipated his household slaves. Summoning them around him on an evening, and addressing them respecting the great blessings which Christianity had brought to the islands, he contrasted their former heathen wretchedness with their new condition, and said: "You are no longer slaves; you are your own masters and may go and reside where you please." They all burst into tears and sobbed aloud; the king himself and his queen could not refrain from tears. Two of them begged to be allowed to live and die with him; but he would not consent to their remaining as slaves. "If you wish," he said, "to reside a little longer with us, well; if you desire to go and dwell in any other island, please yourselves."

He gave a church to the mission, said to be the most imposing edifice ever built in the Friendly Islands. A thousand of his people were employed in its erection. The spears of his ancestors were converted into rails for the communion altar, and two clubs, formerly adored as deities, were placed as pillars to the pulpit stairs. At its dedication the king himself preached a sermon, from Solomon's dedicatory prayer at the Temple, to thousands of his people, who came from all

the islands, leaving in some of them only the infirm and aged, with necessary attendants.*

Peter Turner and several native Christians left Vavau in 1835, on a voyage of one hundred and seventy miles to Keppel's Island, where there immediately ensued a general abandonment of heathenism. Turner staid there about three months, and baptized more than five hundred adults, besides two hundred children, and united in Christian marriage nearly two hundred and fifty persons. Schools were begun with more than five hundred pupils, and were left under the care of native teachers, who had accompanied the missionary. At a subsequent visit to this island, and to that of Nina-fou, by Thomas, about eight hundred adults and more than half as many children were baptized. A majority of the inhabitants of these two islands were thus placed in communion with the Church.

This surprising reformation has spread from island to island with irresistible power, notwithstanding the occasional attempts of pagan chiefs to revolt and to produce a reaction, and the plots of French priests to repeat there the deplorable scenes which they have enacted in Tahiti. The wisdom and Christian virtues of King George have, under the Divine blessing, saved his people. He has conquered the opponents of Christianity by its own virtues. Aided by Romish agents, some of his Tonga pagan chiefs rebelled, refusing further submission to his authority, though he never used it improperly for the enforcement of his religious views. They perpetrated many atrocities, and after long forbearance

* In 1845 King George succeeded to the sovereignty of all the islands. Commander Wilkes thus alludes to him and his people, in the "United States' Exploring Expedition:" "I landed at Nukualafa with all the officers that could be spared from other duties. We were received on the beach by Mr. Tucker, one of the missionaries, and were at once surrounded by a large number of natives. It was impossible not to be struck with the great difference between these people and those we had left in New Zealand; nothing of the morose and savage appearance so remarkable there was seen. Here all was cheerfulness and gayety; all appeared well fed and well formed, with full faces and muscles. The number of children particularly attracted our notice, in striking contrast with the New Zealand group, where but a few were seen. We waited some minutes for King George. When he made his appearance I could not but admire him; he is upward of six feet in height, extremely well proportioned and athletic; his limbs are rounded and full; his features regular and manly, with a fine open countenance and sensible face, all which were seen to the greatest advantage. He at once attracted all eyes; for, on approaching, every movement showed that he was in the habit of commanding those about him. With unassuming dignity he quietly took his seat."

he was compelled to lead his troops in defense of the laws. "But he went forth," says a visitor of the islands, "as the disciple of Him who came not in the world to destroy men's lives, but to save them; and, by conduct previously unknown in military tactics, he destroyed his enemies without slaying them, and transformed them into admiring and ardent friends. We halted under the shade of a large tree, where King George had sat to receive the submission of his rebel subjects, and where, according to the custom of the country, they came to rub their noses against the soles of his feet in token of surrender. They approached with fear and trembling, knowing that they had forfeited their lives to the laws of the land; but, as they came, George magnanimously said, 'Live!' In a transport of joy and wonder they thanked the king for his clemency, when he told them to thank Jehovah, whose *lotu*—religion—had influenced him to spare their lives. As he regularly observed in his camp the hours of morning and evening prayer, these subdued chiefs, whose 'hearts'—as one of them told me—"the king had slain," requested permission to unite in God's worship, and for the first time were they to be seen bowing the knee to Jesus. The king returned from the field, not with garments rolled in blood, but richly laden with the blessings of them that had been ready to perish, and rejoicing more in the triumphs of grace which God had enabled him to achieve, than in the conquests gained over his enemies. Long will this shady place be remembered with gratitude as that where hearts were conquered by love, and foes overcome by something more potent than powder and ball."

As it had been customary to slay the vanquished, this act of clemency could not fail of deep effect on the pagan chiefs; they returned with the king to his house, and at his family altar acknowledged the true God, more than a hundred of their people following their example. Sir E. Howe, who had come to his aid with a ship of war, beheld the scene and said to a missionary: "I saw the noble and Christian conduct of King George. He can only be compared to Alfred the Great, of blessed memory. He is worthy of being called a king. He is the greatest man in these seas." The French commander, Belland, arrived afterward with the *Moselle*, to bear a charge against the king from the Romish Governor of Tahiti. He was surprised to see the native sovereign come on board with full records of the affair, inclosed in a tin case, and with the manners, not of a savage, but of an intelligent Christian ruler. With respect and admiration he acknowledged, in the name of the French Government, "George, King of the Friendly Islands,"

and declared that "he had seen and conversed with many chiefs in the South Seas, but that he had not seen one to be compared in knowledge and ability, in courage and dignity, to King George." Young, who visited the islands not long after the war, says: "On returning from the chapel the principal rebel chief during the late war was introduced to me. The clemency of the king had broken his heart, and had destroyed the enemy without slaying the man. The triumph of Christian love and forgiveness during the recent conflict in Tonga seems utterly to have confounded both paganism and Popery, and brought much glory to God."

In no other portion of the Wesleyan mission field have so many native laborers been raised up; about five hundred of them are licensed to preach, with their king at their head, a model to them of talent and piety. An institution for their education has been established. The press is in effective operation. Schools and chapels adorn the islands. The horrors of their former paganism have been totally extinguished.

These triumphs of the Gospel, in the fiercest arena of the powers of darkness, could not fail to command the interest of the civilized world. Their results have not disappointed the friends of Christianity. About thirty years after the commencement of the mission by Lawry, the Wesleyan Conference sent out a deputation to visit it and the other stations of Oceania. Robert Young thus officially inspected its most important posts, sailing among them on board the mission ship "John Wesley," and bearing with him a cargo of New Testaments in the vernacular language. He preached to them by interpreters, and joined in their prayer meetings, where the king and queen participated in the devotions. "The Scriptures," writes the visitor, "are so valued in these islands that a sovereign would not have purchased a copy of the New Testament before our arrival. Many possessed the holy treasure, but esteemed it more precious than gold, yea, than much fine gold, and would on no account part with it. The queen, in her prayer, gave thanks for the arrival of the Scriptures, and said the book was valuable, not because of its paper and ink, but because it brought good tidings to sinners, and from Genesis to Revelation is full of the Savior. And when she, in a tremulous but earnest and melodious voice, thanked God for his book, the response from every part of the chapel told that she had touched a tender chord, and elicited the grateful feelings of many a heart. Another female, in her prayer, praised the Lord that I had come among them, and prayed that my visit to Tonga might be as the visit of Barnabas to Antioch; that I might see the grace

of God and be glad, and exhort them with purpose of heart to cleave unto the Lord. Several other persons exercised their gifts; and although I understood little of what was said, yet I felt that the people had power with God, and that his presence and glory filled the house. When the king prayed many a tear was shed, and many a burst of praise was heard. The queen, in her petition, alluded to the angelic anthem sung on the plains of Bethlehem, exclaiming, 'It is true! Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. This glory we now see; this peace and good-will we now feel.' And, on referring to myself, she thanked God for my visit, not merely that they had seen my face and heard my voice, but that I had preached unto them the glorious Redeemer; then, overcome with emotion, she sobbed aloud, and many a heart was moved, and many a sigh went up to heaven. O what a service! May I never lose its holy savor!"

At the conclusion of his first Sunday among them he says: "Thus ended the public services of my first Sabbath in the Friendly Islands, a day of light and power, and glory, which can never be forgotten in time or in eternity. If these islands be in many things behind the polished nations of Europe, they are much before them all in their high reverence of the Lord's day. In no part of the world have I ever seen the claims of the Sabbath so fully and so universally regarded as they are in this land." His largest expectations were surpassed by the results of the mission. "With the exception of about fifty persons, the entire population have embraced Christianity. It is true they have not all felt its saving power, yet they have all been more or less benefited by its influence, and some thousands of them have experienced its transforming power, and are now, by the grace of God, adorning the doctrine of God their Savior. There were many things that delighted me during my visit to this interesting land. I was pleased with the reverence of the people for the Lord's day. On that day nothing is heard or seen infringing upon its sacred right. If people are beheld coming from their habitations, it is that they may go to the house of the Lord and inquire in his holy temple. If a canoe is seen in the offing, it is conveying a local preacher to his appointment on some distant island that he may preach Jesus to the people. If noises occasionally fall upon the ear, they are not of revelry or strife, but songs of praise and earnest prayer to the God of heaven. I was also delighted with the attention of the people to family worship. That duty is strictly attended to, there being very few families bearing the Christian name, throughout the

length and breadth of these islands, that have not a domestic altar on which is presented the morning and evening sacrifice. It is truly exhilarating to be in any of their towns or villages at the hour of family worship. I have been so privileged; and as I listened to prayer and praise ascending from nearly every dwelling, my heart was filled with the deepest emotion, and my spirit felt as if at the gate of heaven. I was also pleased with their proficiency in learning. Not less than eight thousand of them can read the sacred Scriptures, and five thousand can write their own language, and some of them very elegantly. I examined several of the schools; many of the pupils, in addition to reading and writing, had acquired a very respectable knowledge of geography, arithmetic, natural history, and some other branches of learning. A few of them were even making attempts to master astronomy. I had also the pleasure of examining the students of our Normal Institution, and was greatly delighted with their proficiency. Though as a nation they are, after all, but in a transition state, yet, in point of truthfulness, and honesty, and hospitality, and temperance, and chastity, they might be placed in most advantageous contrast with the refined and polite nations of the civilized world. King George is a most decided and exemplary Christian. I had the privilege of being with him for nearly two months, and during that period I never heard a foolish word drop from his lips, nor did I ever see any thing in his spirit or deportment inconsistent with the most entire devotedness as a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. He is a local preacher, and I heard him preach in Fiji a most interesting, powerful, and effective sermon." But this great work was to spread to other regions, of which hereafter.

THE MOMENTS.

BY JENNIE L. EGGLESTON.

THE moments are little and unseen things,
 Light forms have they and unseen wings;
 They glide o'er our heads with the morning's beam,
 And slip from our grasp with the day's last gleam;
 They tick in our ears with the staid old clock;
 They stand at our hearts and there warningly knock;
 They bid us not loiter, if fame we would win;
 They knock and entreat us to gather them in.

O list to the moments, though little they seem,
 They are bearing your bark on a swift, silent stream;
 And onward, still onward, you glide from the shore,
 To that vast, boundless ocean where time is no more.
 Take heed to the moments, for with them they bear
 Of gems the most precious, and diamonds rare.
 Take care of the moments, for life 's but a span;
 Then carefully hoard them, O vain, dreaming man!

THE MINISTER'S VISIT.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"COME, come, Madeline, you 'd better make up your mind one way or another. Shall it be Newport or New Hampshire, this Summer? Let's have the thing settled."

The bluff, good-natured, half-chiding tones just suited the frank, pleasant face of the speaker as he laid down a large silver pencil-case with which he had been making all sorts of flourishes and unsymmetrical figures on a sheet of paper, and he looked at the lady who sat opposite him with an air which said very plainly that he was ready for business, and prepared for any amount of argument or reasoning which she might present. The young lady looked up with a wavering, half-preoccupied smile, which rather suggested than revealed a little cluster of dimples where her cheek shaded off to her chin.

"I do n't know what to say about it, George," she said, and the words were full of irresolution and perplexity. "It's been on my mind all the week, and I do n't seem much nearer a decision than I was at the first."

"That's just like a woman," good humoredly. "It always takes her forever to make up her mind. It's time we should have this thing settled, for I want to be off by the last of week after next. Our party leave then for the St. Lawrence."

"And my Summer's tour will cost you?"

"Three hundred dollars, taking in New York, Saratoga, and Niagara. She's an expensive little piece of human porcelain, but I'll be generous with her this Summer."

"And that three hundred will just pay off the mortgage on uncle Truman's farm?"

"Just that, and set him and aunt Susan at rest forever. But I say, Madeline, you need n't fret yourself about that. If you think you'll have a dull, moping time of it up in that little out-of-the-way village, why, just do n't set your foot inside of it."

"I'm sorry for the old people, and I wish I was a rich man, and they should have ten times the sum they need to pay up the mortgage. But it is n't your duty to sacrifice yourself for them."

Madeline Harris rose up from her chair and walked up and down the small, pleasant sitting-room. Her eyes were intent on the figures in the carpet, but she did not see them. In her thoughts there opened and spread golden visions before the girl—visions of a Summer whose hours should glide away in a stream of sunshine, like the shining current of a river. All that youth most loves and delights in, those hours were to bring to her. There were morning rides and

moonlight sails; there were long, dreamy days amid all the enchantments of music, and all the charms of cultivated society. Every day was to bring her some new charm of scenery—some new excitement and enjoyment to her life.

And Madeline Harris stood before the large mirror, and along the soft oval of her cheek deepened a line of crimson as she remembered all the flattering prophecies of her friends relating to this long-dreamed-of tour, and she saw herself admired and—up the lane of Madeline Harris's vision the lights glowed like the lights of an Autumn sunset. Alas, for her castles, with their foundations of pearl and their walls of amethyst! And suddenly across all this dream-land of beauty and happiness, wherein walked intoxicated the soul of Madeline Harris, there crept another vision of an old red farm-house, with plum-trees in the front yard and wheat fields lying around it, and far off were the great mountains, which seemed like mighty walls locking in the landscape. It was not a beautiful one, with its cool, somber colors and bare but picturesque features, and Madeline sighed and shook her head, and then her eyes fell upon a letter on a small stand in one corner of the room, which her dress brushed as she passed back and forth.

And Madeline took up the letter, and opening it read in a large, painfully-correct, old-fashioned hand, "I can not offer you much, my dear niece, if you come to us this Summer, but my heart is hungry and thirsty to look upon the face of my dear sister's child once again. You shall have the shelter of loving arms about you; you shall have the blessing of tender hearts upon you, and the old farm-house will be joyful for the light of your eyes—for the sound of your voice. Will you come to us, Madeline?"

She had read the letter once before that day, but the words did not touch the young girl's heart then as they did now—going right down and unlocking, in some of its hidden valleys, a well-spring of cool, bright waters.

There was a short but a sharp struggle, and then, with the red glow gone out of her cheek but the light brighter in her eyes, Madeline Harris went over to her brother, and her hand nestled soft as a snow-flake on his shoulder. "I have decided that I shall go to New Hampshire this Summer, George," said the soft, steady voice.

"You have, sis! I thought Newport would carry the day; for to tell the truth Clifford always seemed to me a terribly old foggy sort of place. I guess you'll make something out of it, however, and uncle Truman, and aunt Susan, and Rachel will about go crazy with the joy of seeing you. I wish I could set you down on the door-steps just for the pleasure of seeing the first hugging."

"And then it will be such a great surprise and delight for uncle Truman to know that the mortgage on the old homestead is actually paid off!"

"It will, certainly. The whole place is worth only three thousand—land is cheap up there—and fifteen years ago uncle had to mortgage two-thirds of it. Poor old man! how hard he and aunt Susan have toiled to pay off the fifteen hundred! but with the cough which they say is on him he will never do any more hard work in this world."

"And his only earthly ambition is to leave the place unincumbered for his wife and daughter. O, George! I shall enjoy more placing that three hundred dollars in his great brown palm than any gayety of Newport or Saratoga!"

"Well, sis, you're a real good girl. I do n't doubt but you'll have a better time after all in the old farm-house among the mountains," and the young man drew down the sweet face between its flowing curls of brown, with hardly the faintest conception of all the struggle and sacrifice it had cost his sister to resign her long-anticipated Summer trip.

Every body said that George Harris was a good-natured fellow, and it was true; but he had not the richer, finer nature of his beautiful and gentle sister; and dearly as Madeline loved her only brother, she felt that the best and deepest part of her nature lay in that country of her spirit over whose boundaries his feet could never pass.

The two had been orphans for many years. Both of them had passed a portion of their childhood in the old farm-house, where loving hearts made them forget the cold, silent ones covered up with grasses. George went to New York and at last obtained a responsible position as book-keeper in a large mercantile establishment, and when the small amount which Madeline's parents had left her was exhausted in defraying the expenses of several years at a boarding school, the generous brother took entire charge of his sister, and her presence and influence was like dew and sunshine about the roots of his life. He did not know this, neither did he suspect that the heart of his young sister often sighed for another home than the boarding-house life in New York with which his care provided her. He was a generous brother, supplying all his sister's wants to the utmost limit of his salary, and thinking she had no need beyond; but Madeline Harris walked alone amid all the higher aspirations and holiest purposes of her soul; and yet not alone, but with the angels.

"Aunt Susan! aunt Susan! I've been up in the plum-tree."

The words came out sweet, and round, and gleeful, and afterward came a laugh, which fitted and completed them. The next moment a pale, wrinkled face, with a snowy cap-border running around it, was put out of the side window of the red farm-house, and a tender smile kindled the face as the old woman's eyes fell upon the basket of ripe plums which her niece held up to her view, and the fruit flashed up over the brown edge of the wicker basket like a heap of red carbuncles.

"How in the world did you get them, Madeline?" asked the old woman, lifting her hands in pleased astonishment.

"O, I found the ladder in the barn, and with a pretty energetic effort got it down here. You see I've watched these plums for the last three days from my chamber window, and my fingers ached to get hold of them, and I have n't disturbed the birds in their nests among the boughs."

"But, my child, it was a great risk of your neck—do n't you know it?"

"I did n't think of that, aunt Susan. I only thought as I climbed up the tree to find the plums, so had I climbed up here among the mountains this Summer to find fairer plums growing thick on the boughs of my life."

And at this moment a carriage turned the corner of the road by farmer Truman's, and catching the sound of the clear young voice the rider stopped his horse a moment.

"I like that conceit," he murmured to himself. "It is a pretty one; but like certain beautiful flowers, it must have blossomed from strong, far-reaching roots. I must see the lady who spoke those words—who owns that voice," and he glanced up at the steep black roof of the red-house, and then he remembered that he had lost his way and would avail himself of this opportunity to inquire it.

How fair she looked in her straw hat and lawn dress, with the flush which her recent ascent into the tree had called into her soft cheeks I can not tell, neither could the young minister, as he came up the walk and inquired for the residence of parson Mills.

"It is about two miles west of here on the turnpike," vouchsafed Mrs. Truman, and then with some hesitancy and a rapid investigation of the young clergyman's figure and face, she continued, "May I ask if you are brother Sterling, the friend our pastor was expecting to preach next Sunday?"

"I am he, madam."

"Then will you walk in, sir?" and Mrs. Truman bustled, with her beaming smile, to the door.

"Our minister was suddenly called from home on Monday by the severe illness of his brother, and he left word with my husband that the house was closed and he must consign you to our care."

The young clergyman's face wore a look of pleased indecision. "I hardly know whether I have a right to accept your hospitality," he said.

But Mrs. Truman's answer satisfied him on that score, and she presented her niece, who had stood still in the grass with her basket of plums and the lightened roses in her cheeks, but with lurking smiles in eyes whose azure was like the morning mists of those New Hampshire hills.

There was an expression which Madeline Harris could not fathom in the deep gray eyes of the young minister as she gave him her hand, and then the trio went into the house together.

The late August afternoon was looking toward the night, and Mrs. Truman was not long in preparing supper for her guest—albeit the hands which set a fragrant bouquet of wild flowers in the center of the table and arranged the old-fashioned china and silver cream-jug were soft and dimple ones—and as Algernon Sterling chatted over his chicken and coffee, with the fair responsive face before him, it seemed to the young clergyman that it was almost the happiest supper of his life. Dear reader, Algernon Sterling was no hero of romances—no ideal of a young girl's dreams and fancies; but he was a true, earnest, sincere Christian man.

He had only just crossed his thirtieth Summer, but to a mind and heart like his those years had been full of varied observation and experience. His religion had crystallized into strong, settled purposes, the naturally warm and ardent impulses of his youth and its ambitions had changed into glowing aspirations for that high ideal of manhood which abode with Algernon Sterling from the time in which he had solemnly consecrated to the service of the Master, and whose voice the young minister heard always in the stillness of his heart, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

Algernon Sterling was a deep, comprehensive, rather than a brilliant scholar; a little exclusive and introverted naturally; but his earnest desire to benefit and elevate others had made him social and responsive to all human hearts and needs. Madeline Harris thought their clerical guest unlike all men whom she had ever met, and from the first she was strangely interested in him. She was accustomed to the society of gentlemen whom the world admired, and Madeline Harris, with her charms of person and grace of mind, had not reached her twenty-fourth birthday without frequent opportunities of making a brilliant match.

There were stately palaces on Fifth Avenue of which she might have been mistress, but her head had turned away from their owners, asking for something better and truer than they could offer it.

Mr. Sterling at first puzzled her. She enjoyed his conversation, her innate convictions of truth and right indorsed his sentiments, but the new stand-point from which he looked out on human life, and its work and labors, were so unlike those of the people and society amid which she had been thrown, that it was not strange that the girl was at first startled and perplexed. Still those were happy, happy days which followed the young minister's advent at farmer Truman's.

The two young people had rides among the old country roads that skinned the deep woods; they went blue-berrying on the hills; they read books a little; but more the pages of that grand scenery written on the mighty mountains and in the valleys which were sprinkled like green emeralds at their feet. They laid aside all social conventionalisms in the red farm-house. Mrs. Truman was busy all the day with the cares of a farmer's wife, and Rachel, the gentle invalid, who was always thinking of others' happiness before her own, was delighted to find that the young minister's society afforded her cousin some change from what she feared must be the terrible monotony of her country life.

But Madeline had been very happy with her relatives that Summer. She had paid the last debt on her uncle's farm, and this had removed a great burden from the heart of the old man, whose bent form and iron-gray locks bore unmistakable evidence that his days of hard toil were nearly over; and the good her gift had done and the joy her presence was giving, had in return blessed Madeline, and she had not sighed for New York or Niagara.

Two weeks had gone by on swift wings, and the last day of the minister's visit at farmer Truman's had come. This visit had already expanded a week beyond the clergyman's original intention, but whenever he thought of leaving, a sweet face, with its deep, earnest eyes, and the smiles trembling back and forth on its lips, somehow kept him for another day. But at last a letter came which rendered departure imperative, and Mr. Sterling and Madeline went out to take their last walk together.

They fell into an unusual silence, and the young minister was so absorbed in his reflections that he forgot to assist his companion across a narrow plank which spanned a pond several feet deep about half a mile from farmer Truman's house. The girl's head grew dizzy, her foot slipped, and she would have fallen into the wa-

ter if the minister, startled by her exclamation, had not caught her.

"Miss Madeline, are you hurt? It was unpardonable of me to let you attempt to cross alone."

"My ankle pains me some; I think I sprained it slightly," and she sank down on the grass. "I see it won't do for me to attempt getting across the pond after you are gone."

She looked up with a smile, which went down like a line of light into the young minister's heart.

"Madeline," he said—and as he heard his voice he wondered if his heart or his lips spoke—"Madeline, I should love to lead you over the wider stream of life, across another plank, the straight and narrow one which God has laid there for you."

The tears came into the large bright eyes, and Madeline answered sincerely as her companion had spoken, "I hope that God's hand will keep my feet from falling while they are on that plank, Mr. Sterling."

He looked on her, and Algernon Sterling felt that Madeline's "hope" would be granted. He drew near to her, and the hand which rested on her lap was drawn into his.

"Madeline," said the minister, "shall we walk over our life-stream together? You know how little I can offer you of all the world calls desirable; neither wealth, nor fame, nor earthly position, but a heart which will render you true and loving allegiance to its latest throb; so helping each to realize to the other our ideal of Christian manhood and womanhood—shall we walk, as I said, the road which leads heavenward?"

Madeline Harris's tender eyes made answer that her stammering lips could not answer, which satisfied the heart of Algernon Sterling.

And so not at Newport, but in the old red farm-house among the mountains of New Hampshire, was fulfilled the dreams of the heart of Madeline Harris in a way that she looked not for it.

DELICACY AND TENDERNESS OF FEELING.

THE best parts of human qualities are the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others, the minutiae of the social virtues. Some ridicule these feminine attributes, which are left out of many men's natures; but I have known the brave, the intellectual, the eloquent possess these gentle qualities; the braggart, the weak, never! Benevolence and feeling ennoble the most trifling actions.

SATAN—A POEM.

BY CYRUS WICK.

I AM the darkness of the universe,
A shadow cast by sin on God's pure light,
A God-like glory mingled with a curse,
A day that faded to an endless night,
The sum of evil always growing worse,
The source of woe, the fount of sin and blight,
A mirror, that, distorted in its make,
Reflects God's image all deformed and marred;
Changed shapes therein are what his good must take.
Though I am fallen, ruined, scathed, and scarred,
Much yet remains, and yet much did forsake
Me when I left the brightly crowned and starred,
And learned to sin, and proudly dared to break
The law which kept His favor and regard,
And fell from heaven to reach the fatal lake
From which Hope, Peace, and Mercy are debarred.
The art was mine that only could awake
Discords to life that ever since have jarred.
God's wisdom, love, and peace, and blessedness
Are ever darkly imaged back by me
In cunning, hate, and wrath, and that distress
From which I never, never can be free;
They are all mine in measure to excess,
But woe is more than all the rest can be;
Rage, envy, sorrow, dread despair, and hate
Are only woe in varied forms and names;
In all of these I am supremely great,
An eminence no one disputes or claims;
These I create, and did originate,
These are hell's tortures and its quenchless flames.

I am the wailing in the universe,
The saddened echo of its joy and song,
A glorious blessing blackened to a curse—
In sorrow and in sin I am so strong,
That God's own brightness never doth disperse
The dreary darkness of my woe and wrong.
My solace is in action and in pride;
They are by me most cherished and most prized;
My grief can be forgotten or defied,
Eternal wrath can nearly be despised,
So long as they are not to me denied;
Yet they are woe that only is disguised
The deeds of evil which I plan and do,
Can cause me briefly almost to forget
The deathless sorrows which have pierced me through;
They hide at times that infinite regret,
And sense of ill and ruin from my view,
And this is all they have won for me yet.
Unweariedly I scan the realms of space,
For worlds to blight, for spirits to destroy;
I search them all to find a new-born race,
To work its ruin or to mar its joy;
I wander viewlessly from place to place,
My powers to use, my arts to thus employ.
The first in sin, the infinite in grief,
They found existence by my will and art;
Of hell's unnumbered throngs I am the chief—
They have learned woes by what I did impart—
Theirs are immeasurably small and brief
Compared with mine, the founts from whence they
start.

Day after day adds to my dismal host—
 Expands my sway, increases my control.
 The music that doth move and thrill me most
 Are wailings of a newly-ruined soul
 And echoes of its fall; by these engrossed
 I heed not wrath, although its thunders roll.
 Between a happy and a gloomy land
 There is a sea whose billows foam and roar
 Mine are the richly-laden barks which strand
 By evil guidance on the desert shore;
 But they are God's my art can not command;
 They reach the haven and depart no more.

More than a thousand thousand years ago
 I was a mighty angel near God's throne,
 And great in bliss as I am now in woe,
 And bright among the brightest then I shone;
 My glory was peculiar in its glow,
 Its light ineffable was mine alone;
 Two sins allied, ingratitude and pride,
 Destroyed my peace and caused me to rebel.
 That love then died which blest and sanctified,
 And I became all evil; then I fell;
 The arch-angelic talent misapplied
 Made me a devil, and the first in hell.
 All of my evil comes from one defect,
 All of my woe arises from one cause,
 The want of God; their cure I will reject
 Because my pride will never brook to pause;
 I differ only in this one respect
 From any angel that obeys His laws,
 Perfection still is mine in intellect,
 Consummate greatness save what sin impaired;
 But without God I never can reflect
 The light of gladness freely spared and shared,
 Without His love and goodness to direct;
 This is my state, this is the fate I dared.
 All seen in earth of wretchedness,
 Its many crimes, the blood which stains its sod,
 What is in hell of limitless distress,
 The fallen angels, each a curse and rod,
 Lost soul's despair, these faithfully express
 What must result by being without God.
 Eternally my being will expand,
 My powers enlarge, yet I will only grow
 A vaster ruin that shall stately stand
 What it was once, and might have been to show;
 Increasing greatness only will command
 Increased capacity to suffer woe.
 I am a drear and never-ending night,
 Whose darkness is the shadow of despair;
 A sky of blackness full of clouds and blight—
 No star of hope is ever shining there—
 A sun that gives a gloom instead of light,
 Whose inky rays dim what is pure and fair,
 The spirit and pervading sense of pain,
 A dark remembrance of a dreadful fall,
 Regret that dies not, yet hath life in vain,
 Sin, sorrow, hate, despair, these are my all,
 My gloomy glories that shall never wane;
 Their light is night, such as well might appall,
 Dread qualities that ever will remain,
 The only fires that burn within hell's wall.
 There are rewards my servants seek and gain;
 As they deserve, in portions great and small,
 I freely give, yet I no less retain;

I give the gifts that I can not recall.
 A God-like spirit made with sin's disease,
 A more than angel sick with endless ill.
 Man's woes are dross, but mine are boundless seas;
 Mists rise from them the skies above to fill,
 And fall in rains of sorrow in the breeze;
 Their bitter waters never will be still.
 The dreadful tempest of eternal wrath
 Will lash their billows with terrific roar,
 And circle round and round, and in one path,
 Returning each time fiercer than before,
 With horrors tenfold more than now it hath
 Will rage forever and for evermore.

BIRDS.

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

ONE said, "The bird that flutters least
 Is longest on the wing;"
 Long live such poets as to verse
 Can words of meaning bring!

How many with the Scottish bard
 Cry out in their despair,
 "How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I so full of care?"

There was "an ancient mariner,"
 Who shot an albatross—
 Let us count up our thoughtless deeds,
 And count with each a loss.

O there's a bird—a rare old bird,
 Of which the poets sing—
 The bird that builds its eyrie high—
 The bird of tireless wing—

Ambitious eagle, whose proud course
 To some lone summit tends,
 And if its home be made a wreck,
 In faith it yet ascends.

O noble bird, O wondrous bird,
 It surely has no peer;
 It looks upon the scorching sun,
 And keeps its vision clear!

Ye who are standing in the light
 Of glory's noontide rays,
 So may you keep a steady eye,
 Undazzled by the blaze.

Long "Chillon's Prisoner" had watched
 The bright incarnadine
 That, deep'ning on his brother's cheek,
 But told of life's decline.

When went the only living love
 That his dark hours had blest,
 His heart had nothing more to fear,
 There came a fearful rest.

And you have heard of that "bright bird,"
 Whose song's melodious flow
 Awoke his ear that could not hear
 Lake Leman dash below.

And so unto our hearts sometimes
 "A bird with azure wings"
 Comes lovingly in our despair,
 And blesses as it sings!

MADELINE HASCALL'S LETTERS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

LETTER TO HER MOTHER.

TRELLISTON, November 10, 18—.

MY OWN DEAR MOTHER,—Why should I write down the events which you know so well already? You know all about the sweet, delicious change in my prospects; you planned with Paul all its arrangements and Arabian Night surprises; you were as secret, you dear, good, beloved conspirator, as possible, and now, after the grand *denouement*, you insist on having a written history of all the particulars, to deposit among the family archives. A rather unreasonable request, but I am too happy to refuse you any thing.

Well, it was on a Wednesday evening in October that Tom came in and found me crying over Paul's last letter, just received, because it contained no reference to his return. He looked a little surprised, but aunt Lucy explained, and then he agreed with me that it was very provoking.

"Positively shabby," he said.

"Did you get a letter from him this mail?" I asked with a sudden hope that he had been more communicative with him.

"No, pussy."

"Last week, then. You got one last week?"

"As if I should tell you."

"O, but you must. I know you got a letter by your looks. Be good and let me read it."

"Let you read my letters! My correspondents would have a word to say about that. But don't look so down-hearted. Get your hat and shawl and go with May and myself to inspect that cottage opposite the store, and afterward, if you wish it, just to reward you, I will show you the two short letters that your husband has written to me. I think, aunt Lucy, that I shall hire that cottage."

"It is a double house, Mr. Leslie. It was built for two families, for brothers. They did not occupy it more than two years, and it has stood empty as long, though the grounds have been well kept around it. There was a rumor in the village last week that the families were coming back to live. Indeed, Martha Poole told me that any quantity of rich furniture had been unloaded there, but I never give a second thought to her news. Have you been over it?"

"Yes. A friend of mine has bought it, and is going to occupy the south part. If May likes the other tenement we shall move directly. She has been annoyed long enough by those Pooles."

"Well, I can't blame you. I hope if you

move that you will have better company in the cottage."

"I am sure of that."

"Do you know your friend's wife?"

"A little. Come, Madeline, May will think I am spending the evening here."

I was hurrying down the walk, for I saw May waiting at the gate, when Tom stopped me.

"I am going to give May a pleasant surprise," he said gayly, "and you must dismiss that doleful face, or it will spoil all. I have already hired one-half of the cottage, and had the furniture that we left in town moved into it. It was our goods I expect that Martha Poole saw unloaded. She sees every thing, I believe. Thanks to her reputation for gossip, no one believed her. May will find all in readiness for housekeeping, except the few things we have used this Summer."

"Ah, how pleased she will be!"

I suppose my face cleared up a little as I spoke, for he nodded approvingly.

"I knew you would be gratified, but remember May is not to know of this till we go over the house."

It was a charming evening, and just such a sunset as no month save golden October could produce. There was a soft haze upon the hill-tops, and a delicate mist over the river, but the crimson maples and yellow birches never looked more radiant. The Summer flowers and the blossoms of early Autumn had departed, but there were starry asters gleaming out from many a garden, and the road was bordered with the hardy golden rod. Purple grapes hung in ripe clusters in warm southern corners, where the frost could not reach them, and the children were shouting and playing among the late fruits of the orchards.

Still I could not recover my spirits. Even May's good fortune and pleasant prospects helped to sadden me. I felt my own desolation more keenly as I contrasted my lot with hers. Paul's strange silence in regard to the future boded any thing but good to my morbidly-excited fancy. In fact, I was just ready for another good crying-spell when we arrived at the cottage. How pretty and cheerful it looked in the mellow light! What a cozy, home look it had! It had no other look for me, beautiful as it is. The light piazzas, still partially draped with faded vines, the box borders of the flower-beds, whose Summer glory had departed, in their beauty and partial desolation seemed to sympathize with me. I think I was never made so sad by borrowed trouble in my life.

There are two front doors, and Tom, unlocking one, ushered us at once into the hall.

"Look, Tom!" was May's first exclamation as

she pointed to a hat-tree and umbrella-stand. "I thought you said Mr. Grant's things were all taken out of the house. Do n't you think that hat-tree very much like ours?"

"Darker, is it not?"

"No, the very shade. Ah, I remember it so well. I have never seen one like it till now."

"I fancy there is not much difference in such things."

"But ours was peculiar. It was uncle John's gift, you know. He said he wanted room for his broad brim when mamma joked him about its size. He had my name put on a bit of silver on the back of the mirror, Maddie. It was my married name, and it looked so queer before we were married. What fun you made of it, Tom! Do you remember? Turn it round, please, and let me see the back, or I shall keep the impression that it is mine indeed."

"Nonsense, May. See, this is the parlor. How do you like it?"

O, mamma, I wish you could have seen her amazed look as she saw before her a perfect facsimile of those pretty rooms in Tenth-street, where they lived before Tom's misfortunes in trade. She did not speak, but she stood with her lips parted, her hands clasped, and such a lovely flush upon her cheek!

I never saw her look so very beautiful, not even when she reigned the acknowledged belle of our gay city circle. I suppose Tom thought so, too, for when I glanced from her to him he was regarding her with a mixture of love and reverent admiration that almost made *him* passably good looking. She understood every thing at once. The revelations of the other rooms were no surprise at all. She took them as matters of course.

"O, Tom," were her first words, "what a beautiful home! Let us thank God for it. And let us begin our life here by raising an altar for daily prayer and thanksgiving."

Tom has hitherto shrunk from the performance of this duty, though he and May both have joined the Church as probationers, but he could no longer resist her earnest wish.

"I promise to do as you ask, May," he answered solemnly, "God being my helper."

We went over the other rooms. You know how conveniently they are arranged. From the cozy sitting-room a bay window opens upon a round grass plat, where some late dahlias were still in blossom. Every thing spoke of good taste as well as ingenuity on the part of the architect.

But I, still perverse and unthankful among so many beauties, only sighed more deeply than ever for my husband and a home. At last May

asked who was to live in the other part of the house.

"A dear friend of mine. I prophesy that you and his wife will be great friends. Inseparable, as the school-girls say."

"It is the sunny side," said May.

"Yes; and it has one luxury that our part does not yet command."

"What is it, I wonder?" said May, whose pleased eyes still wandered restlessly from one household treasure to another.

"A good library opens from the sitting-room."

"I am content," she replied cheerily. "The library will come in time if God prospers us, and if they are such friends of yours we will borrow all their books. I wish we could just peep into that part."

"O, Eve! Well, I can easily gratify you, for this key will unlock both parts."

"Perhaps," I objected, "the owner might not relish such a liberty."

"I have his permission, Mrs. Fastidiousness, to visit his library at pleasure. Come, May, let us go in at once. I am impatient to get through with our explorations."

"O, Tom, what a story! when you said it would take all the evening to look over the premises."

"Did I? Well, I am at your service. And first, here is the hall which has *not* a peculiar hat-tree. Next come the parlors, which have no familiar aspect to dazzle you. Madeline, do try to speak to a fellow once more. What do you think of this painting?"

"It is very beautiful," I answered with an effort, for I saw nothing distinctly because of the tears that would come. But as I rallied from my childish weakness I could not help observing that every article of furniture, every painting, and even the tiny statuettes on the shelves and brackets were arranged in accordance with the odd taste that had disposed such things in our old home, mamma. How you all laughed at my queer ways, then!

"Why, Madeline!" exclaimed May, "every thing here reminds me of you. It is exactly in your style. Have you observed it, Tom?"

"Who is this friend of yours?" I asked suddenly.

"He is to be my partner in business. I have already found it to be lucrative, but he has capital to enlarge our trade, and the future looks very promising."

"But who is he?" I asked again with a sudden tremor at my heart, for I thought I detected an anxious meaning in his glance at me while evading a direct reply. "He has a name, I suppose. What is it?"

"How inquisitive you are! I will tell you all I know about him if you will first sit down. Splendid chairs," said Tom carelessly, but still, as I saw, watching me closely. "He is a friend of mine, with whom I have lately corresponded, and who has safely returned from California, and who—what is the matter, Madeline?"

"Tell me where he is and when I shall see him again."

"Not till you get a little color in your cheeks. May, bring some water."

"No, no," I gasped. "Only tell me at once. He is safe?"

"To be sure he is. All right. As brown as a nut and as hearty as a bear. I saw him this very afternoon, you little unbeliever, and he was A Number 1. He invited May and myself to tea this evening, and he is just now waiting to see his wife in the little library."

I tried to get up, but the excitement had rendered me powerless, and Tom fairly carried me to the library door and placed me in the arms of my husband, from whom, please God, I shall never be parted again till death. O, what a happy hour we spent! I could not take in at once all the blessed truth. How ashamed I felt of my sadness and repining! And when I learned how merciful our Heavenly Father had been to Paul, how he had been led by the Holy Spirit to the Lamb of God who taketh away our sins, I felt that my cup of joy was full.

Tom gave us just an hour to recognize each other in. He left May crying for joy in the parlor, and in an incredible short time managed to get uncle and aunt seated as host and hostess at our table, not to favor us, he affirmed, but that *his* appetite, rendered ravenous by delay, might be attended to. Then he rang the table-bell close to our door, till we were obliged to come out and be congratulated. I was perfectly bewildered. The table had such a winning, domestic look, and there by the bright tea-urn stood your own invaluable housekeeper waiting for my orders.

"Is it not a dream, May?" I asked doubtfully.

"If it is you can't wake up, for I have been pinching myself and rubbing my eyes to no purpose this half hour."

"Must you go back to the old place to-night?"

"Yes, but only for to-night. I shall be back in the morning. O, Madeline, are n't you glad that Mr. Hascall has returned *unexpectedly*?"

Come out and see us, dear mamma. Come and spend the Winter with us if you can. You will not find it dull at all, and it will just cure your dyspepsia to live in our pure country air. Try it and see.

Your affectionate daughter, MADELINE.

SISTER SULLIVAN'S NARROW HOUSE.

BY HARRIET N. BABB.

DO not fancy sister Sullivan was *dead*, dear reader, when she occupied her "*narrow house*!" On the contrary, she was both "*alive and well*," and more than that, one of the most active and influential members of the Church. Even the gentlemen declared that her remarks in class meeting were touchingly eloquent, and proclaimed her a "*superior woman*," while all who attended the female prayer meeting felt that sister Sullivan had "*a wonderful gift in praying aloud*!" And her "*narrow house*"—so far from being the dark and dreary place which we shuddered to think of as the *home* of any loved one—had plenty of doors and windows to let in the cheerful sunlight, a parlor beautifully furnished, and a pantry and store-room, each containing as many *nice things* as any lover of "*goodies*" could desire.

And yet the occupant constantly spoke of her pleasant abode in those suggestively-gloomy terms, "*our narrow house*." Do you ask why? Some good people who possessed largely that blessed gift of charity which "*thinketh no evil*," said it was only a foolish figure of speech which sister Sullivan had fallen into the habit of using, while others said she called her *house narrow*, hoping thus to hide the fact that the *soul* of the owner was narrower still! Which of these self-constituted judges were nearest the *truth* in their conclusions we shall leave to our readers to determine, contenting myself with the detail of one or two scenes from her life.

I shall never forget the surprise I felt when I first heard her use the phrase "*our narrow house*." A young school girl, I was passing an afternoon where rich and poor, young and old met and mingle with more freedom than elsewhere, and where the happy possessors of gold thimbles—so becoming to snowy fingers—may display them to such good advantage. Need I give the place its name, or do you already recognize it as a "*sewing society*?"

I chanced to be seated near enough to Mrs. Sullivan to notice her elegant French collar and the rich "*thread lace*" on her cap, as well as to be edified by the remarks she uttered upon the worldly spirit of young people of "*our day*," and their sinfulness in wishing to participate in scenes of gayety. Now, as I was so shy that the thought of "*having ever to go into society*" was torture, my heart responded to her sentiments, and I felt that my "*elders*" had spoken truth when they pronounced Mrs. Sullivan a superior woman, though a blooming girl who sat

next me—one who could both adorn and enjoy a festal gathering—uttered many expressions of dissent and dissatisfaction, but in tones that only reached my ears.

By and by an aged lady crossed the room and took a seat near sister Sullivan, to tell her of a case of distress of which she had just heard. A most excellent widow, a member of their Church, whom every body knew as "nurse Brown," was lying ill from over-exertion and loss of rest. Unable to pay her rent, an unfeeling landlord threatened to turn her into the street.

"And now, sister Sullivan," said the speaker, "every body knows us, and I want you to go with me to that miserable landlord and tell him we will see that the rent is paid if he will only leave the poor woman in peace till she has a chance to get well. Can you not go with me on our way home?"

"No," said sister Sullivan, "and I can tell you of a better way than that. I'm not willing to have a cent of my money go to that man, and, besides, her rent is only a small part of her expenses. She must have fuel, and food, and care as well as shelter. Now, *my plan* is this—our house is too narrow to admit of my doing so—let one of the sisters give her a home for the Winter. Some of you have plenty of room to do it, and in a family her food and fire would scarcely be felt, while it would be so much easier to nurse her at home than to have to go out to wait upon her. This is, as sister Clarke says, a case of true charity, and I hope some of you dear sisters will feel disposed to treat it as such. I would be glad to give the poor woman a home with us if we only had a larger house, but our house is so extremely narrow that it would be impossible."

Then, drawing out her gold watch, she said, "You must excuse me if I leave a little earlier than usual to-day. My husband has invited Judge J. and two or three other gentlemen to supper, and I must hurry home or my cook will be sure to have the turkey under-done and the oysters over-done," and, putting her shining thimble in her pocket, she adjusted her rich silk cloak and velvet hat, and, while putting on her gloves, remarked, "I do hope some of you sisters will feel your hearts enlarged sufficiently to give poor nurse Brown a home for a few months, she is so worthy of your kindness. As I said before, I should be happy to do it if our house were not so *narrow*, but we live in hopes of an enlargement some day," and with a graceful inclination and pleasant "good evening, ladies," left the room.

"An enlargement of *what, house or heart?*" whispered the young friend beside me.

"Poor sister Sullivan has always lived in such a very narrow house," said one.

"And yet how cheerfully she bears up under such 'a thorn in the flesh' as her 'narrow house' must be!" said another.

Now, the idea of Mrs. Sullivan's house being more narrow than those of her neighbors had never occurred to me before, and as I sat stitching away at the wristband I was making, my thoughts were busy with those odd words "our narrow house." I had passed her house a hundred times on my way to school, and had always thought it a pretty place, and I could not be mistaken in it. Still that evening I went three squares out of my direct way home to take another look at that narrow house. Yes, there it stood just as I thought, with its fresh white paint and green blinds, and a flight of stone steps leading to the hall door. I knew that it was not a 'double house, that it had rooms only on one side of the hall, but the lot was deep, and the house extended far back. As I walked on I could count ever so many side windows, from which a flood of light was pouring, telling of company and feasting within.

"How strange that she should call it their narrow house!" I said to myself as I noticed so many more unpretending ones around it in which I knew the rites of hospitality were exercised ungrudgingly. There was Mrs. T. just opposite, whose house contained only two rooms and an attic, yet she was always ready to offer a home to the poor and needy, and if, as the neighbors said, she erred in sheltering not only all "the lame, but also the lazy of the land," her errors at least were on the side of charity.

I may as well say here that, on the plea of her "narrow house," Mrs. Sullivan did nothing for poor nurse Brown till sister Clarke gave her a home in her family. True, she had only half as many rooms as Mrs. Sullivan, but then her heart was enlarged by the care of six children, while the other lady had only one. After nurse Brown was comfortably established there Mrs. Sullivan called in several times to see her, and when it was found that she could not get well offered up some most excellent prayers at her bedside. After her death she even shed tears while discoursing upon the Christian graces of their departed sister.

Although that was the first time I heard Mrs. Sullivan use the expression "our narrow house," it was by no means the last. On every occasion when Church members were called upon to extend hospitality to a brother or sister in poverty her invariable excuse for failing to meet the call was "our house is too narrow."

So when a meeting of Conference was held in

their town she intimated to her minister that they would be happy to entertain the Rev. Drs. so and so, but that their house was so narrow they could not think of accommodating any others. But once it happened that after all the other brethren and sisters had their houses full—some of them even to the extent of making up beds in every room—a plain but most excellent minister came “at the eleventh hour” from an obscure field of labor. After searching all over town for “room for one more,” the pastor of the Church took him with many apologies to the wealthy Mr. Sullivan’s, because he knew that, despite their “narrow house,” they still had a comfortable bed unappropriated. The black looks with which he was greeted by sister Sullivan made him secretly hope that the good brother he was consigning to those “narrow quarters” was not unduly sensitive about the *little* matter of a welcome from his hostess, saying to himself, “Woe to the luckless man if his digestive powers are capable of being affected by the consciousness that he is entertained grudgingly and only through necessity.” A thousand woes to this same poor man when it was found that he had been so *indiscreet* as to bring his wife with him. The black silk dress which she has worn so carefully for five years, and the bonnet she bleached and trimmed herself, what business have they there? Their owner “had better have staid at home and tended her cow and pig instead of following her husband to Conference.” So said Mrs. Sullivan to her cook when the door was ajar between them and the room in which the poor minister’s wife was sitting.

“O, could she but know,” she said to herself, “how many years I have pined for this privilege, feeling that heart and mind would both be enlarged and quickened by it, and how I expect to live upon the memory of it for the rest of my days, she surely would not grudge me a home so long as none of her family are put out of their regular sleeping places through my being here.”

Poor woman! She had strained every nerve to come to this meeting of Conference with the same intense longings with which the devout Israelites formerly went up to Jerusalem, and now as she gains the high mountain-summit of religious privilege her ardor is damped, her enjoyment marred by the consciousness that the house in which she stays is too narrow to hold any but distinguished members of Conference. During their journey home this sister told her husband that she *had* thought of making it an especial subject of prayer that sister Sullivan might receive not a broader house but a broader heart, but that upon reflection she had abandoned the idea.

“Why so?” asked he.

“Because,” she replied, “prayer to be effectual must be offered in *faith*, and I have none in this matter; for if the Lord were to seek an entrance, with a view of enlarging her heart, I verily believe she would close it against him, crying out, ‘It is too narrow to admit you!’”

“Why, my dear, I never knew you so uncharitable before.”

“No? Well, it all comes of my sleeping in that ‘narrow house;’ but when I get back to our plain little home I will forget all this and treasure up only the good things I heard at Conference.”

Years passed on, bringing increased wealth to the coffers of brother Sullivan, and removing from his wife all right to use the oft-repeated term “our narrow house,” for they had erected an elegant home, with a broad hall running through the center, while the spacious and lofty rooms were the wonder and admiration of all who saw them. Had her heart enlarged in proportion to her dwelling? Our readers shall judge of that. I will only relate one more incident in the life of sister Sullivan and then close this article, which is already longer than I intended it to be.

At a time of especial interest in the Church several strangers were present, and brother and sister Sullivan had the honor of entertaining the Rev. Dr. D. and President M. They had been duly expected, and great preparations were made for them. The dwelling was in most perfect order, and the host and hostess in their best attire and best of moods attended the Saturday meetings and looked forward to unclouded enjoyment and a feast of fat things on the Sabbath. But as they returned from the afternoon service the calm and peace of sister Sullivan’s soul was disturbed by the arrival of unexpected and unwelcome guests. Her husband had introduced her at the church door to brother and sister “somebody,” and had said to them, “Come right home with us, we have plenty of room;” and with a mere “thank you, we will,” the man had taken his meek wife upon his arm and followed them home. There they were in her best parlor, which had been opened for her more distinguished visitors, the man drying his boots on her white marble hearth, and the woman saying how glad she was to meet those whose writings she had read with such lively interest. Sister Sullivan looked at her for a moment, then beckoned her husband into the hall, and with a glance at the old-fashioned carpet-bag which lay there asked, “Who are these people, my dear, whom you picked up so unceremoniously?”

“Why, wife,” in a deprecating tone, “this is

the Rev. Mr. C., from W., of whom you have so often heard me speak, and his wife is an admirable woman. We must make her visit as pleasant as we can, for it is n't often she gets away from home, poor thing!" Seeing the cloud still resting upon his wife's brow he added, "You know, my dear, our minister and I staid at their house during quarterly meeting at W., and sister C. was so kind and so anxious to make us comfortable. I told her then that if ever she visited P. she must come at once to our house and stay with us."

A smile at last appeared on sister Sullivan's face, but it was not a kindly one—her husband knew that before she asked, "O, was that the place where they were so poor that they had no meat in the house except a ham bone, which figured on the table every day? Truly you are under great obligations for such princely hospitality!"

"Wife! they gave us the very best they had, and how that woman worked and planned to afford us tempting variety out of her scanty materials, you would have been surprised at the talent she displayed."

"Talents as brilliant as her pots and kettles, and of the same high order," sneered the lady.

"But you will try and make her welcome?"

"I can't act the hypocrite, and"—The parlor door opened and the object of this colloquy stood before them, her bonnet still on, for no one had asked her to lay it aside. Mrs. Sullivan looked confused, but the stranger said in a self-possessed, lady-like way, "As you have other guests already I fear we shall be intruding if we stay. I used to have an old friend living in P., and I will go out and try to find her." Mrs. Sullivan looked decidedly relieved, but her husband interfered, saying pleasantly, "Do you think we are going to let you slip away from us in that unceremonious way, and after all your kindness to me? I happen to be master of this house, and I order you to go up stairs with my wife, take off your bonnet, brush your hair if you like, and then come down and help us to enjoy our supper and our social evening. I know you will be interested in our *guests* if you are not in us, and I consider it a great thing to have a visit from such a confirmed stay-at-home as yourself."

"My staying at home," replied the visitor, "has been a matter of necessity rather than of choice."

"Well, now that we have you we will keep you," he said, leading her away from the street door and toward the staircase; "here, wife, take as good care of her as she did of me!"

It made no difference to the stranger that all the best apartments—the doors of which were

thrown open for display—were passed by and she was shown to a plainly-furnished little room at the rear of the house; but it did make a difference in her enjoyment that all the kindness came from her host, while the lady of the house spoke no word of welcome.

"Perhaps she is naturally cold and reserved in her manners," she said to herself, "so I will try not to feel hurt or ill at ease," and so fancying herself strong in this resolution she returned to the parlor to enjoy the rich treat which the conversation of those distinguished clergymen afforded her. When they were conducted into the supper-room, where costly viands were prepared and set out in a style such as she had not seen since she became the wife of a poor Methodist minister, the marked difference which her hostess made in attending to the comfort of her guests drove her out of the charitable conclusion that she had only been stiff and cold to her because "naturally reserved in manner." During the entire evening she saw more and more clearly that her first instinct had been a true one, and that herself and husband were too *small* people to be welcome to the hospitality of that great house. Their hostess expressed much anxiety that Dr. D. and President M. might find their beds comfortable; but for herself and husband there was only a brief "good night," and the greeting next morning was, if possible, still more short and cold. Mrs. C. was glad to leave at an early hour for Church, which she entered with the comfortable feeling that all were *welcome* there. At the close of the services her old friend recognized her, and coming forward said cordially, "Do come with me."

"But have you room?"

"I have other guests, but have reserved the half of my bed expressly for you; so you must come," and after a polite apology to her hostess of the past night, she was only too happy to go with her friend. As soon as they were alone in her little room she said, "You must excuse me for insisting upon bringing you to such plain accommodations, but I knew that if you were staying at sister Sullivan's you would not have a very cordial welcome, and that is more to a *woman* than luxuries or splendor. I thought your husband might stay there, for men do n't feel such slights as we do."

"No, indeed, they are not stung by them as we women are. I am so glad to be here where I can breathe freely again. You do n't know how strangely I felt!"

"Yes I do; we all know sister Sullivan's ways pretty well. She loves to entertain the great ones of the Church, but to the little ones of the flock she has no desire to minister."

"HOW GREAT A MATTER A LITTLE
FIRE KINDLETH."

BY MRS. BITHIA D. LEAVITT.

"IDA, you are a spoiled child."

"Spoiled! Why, uncle Philip, indeed I'm not," but the very tone of voice, and toss of the head, and pout of the lip served to confirm the truth of the uncle's assertion.

The young girl bounded from the room, and as "Uncle Philip" gazed at the graceful creature leaping and dancing about the lawn in the very exuberance of her spirits, he first smiled with proud satisfaction, and then sighed as he turned from the open window, exclaiming half aloud, "Impulse embodied. I do n't know what will become of her, I'm sure."

"Why, uncle Philip, what made you sigh so? I am not spoiled, and I'm not going to be spoiled," and the gay girl pounced in again and perched herself on her uncle's knee. "You'll see if I do n't act just right before all those great people that are to dine here to-day—just as uncle Philip's niece ought to behave. But, look, look, there they come now, see!" and, drawing herself up with mock dignity, Ida pursed up her mouth, gave a kind of affected little cough, and, during the ceremony of an introduction, and the conversation that followed, naught but a certain twinkle of the eye and a twitch of the mouth, alone intelligible to uncle Philip, showed that the really-dignified, self-possessed young lady was acting any part foreign to her nature.

The dinner passed, the guests dispersed, and as the last carriage rolled away, Ida Merton drew up an ottoman between her aunt and uncle and inquired laughingly, "There, did n't I do it? *did n't I?* Aunt, does it not give you a comfortable feeling to know I *can* behave properly? Who would have thought to-day I was that very 'embodied impulse' uncle Philip was talking about? calling me a spoiled child, too! I am sure I was as demure and modest as could be. Was n't I, uncle Phil?"

"But it was all put on."

"Yes, but I must 'assume a virtue if I have it not,' and perhaps by assuming it often enough it will become my own. Do *you*, aunty, think there is any hope of me?"

"Yes, dear, much. In a few years we'll see you settled down into a nice, quiet wife, submissively attending to your husband's wants, and never even dreaming—"

"Submissively attending, indeed! You'll never see me a nice, quiet wife. I love freedom too well. Besides, why should I marry? Have n't I the pleasantest and best home that could be,

and every thing I want? and have n't I the dearest and best parents in my uncle and aunt? Think you, aunty, I would put myself in such bondage? No, no, I love to be free, free, free. Why did you ever marry, aunt Catherine? But then you could n't help loving uncle Phil," and Ida gave a very confirmatory hug and kiss; "and, too, if you had n't, what would have become of poor little me?"

The spirit was saddened in an instant. The orphan threw one arm around her aunt's neck and the other around her uncle's and burst into tears.

"O, dear aunty, dear uncle, I wish I was more worthy of your love, more gentle, more as you would like me to be. Indeed, indeed I do," and the poor child sobbed heavily upon their bosom. Both united to soothe this sudden ebullition of grief, and their caresses soon brought back the bright smiles that ever penetrated like warm sunshine to their very heart's core.

The orphan Ida never knew a mother's companionship. The little flower had scarcely unfolded its tiny petals to receive the genial dews and sunlight of a mother's smiles ere death's cloudy darkness came between. Emerging from its gloom, it was but just feebly reaching forth its tendrils to entwine that other prop ere it was shattered by the same stern power. Thus from a mature infancy the two beings Ida only knew as parents received the warm out-gushings of an affectionate nature. Affectionate she really was, but Ida's will had never been conquered either by herself or others. Under the gentle indulgences of her home it had strengthened fearfully, and at the age of fifteen a most indomitable spirit flashed from her eye, quivered intensely around the rose-bud mouth, and darted from the tongue whenever any very decided opposition to her wishes occurred. Every lineament of her face bespoke the deep workings of an uncurbed heart.

This impatience of control was Ida's most glaring fault, otherwise she was affectionate, but as sensitive as affectionate. Buoyant and volatile, she could be saddened in an instant. The least word spoken in censure started a tear and drew a cloud over her spirit. And it was no wonder, as her uncle looked upon the impulsive girl, life with its reality of denials formed in his mind a striking contrast with the unreflecting joyousness that characterized her life from month to year.

Two ladies were seated together in a tastefully-adorned parlor near the suburbs of the city of B. Far enough removed from the din and bustle of commercial life, it was not so distant as to pre-

vent easy access—far enough to entice within its groves the sweet birds of many a wing that, from the first chirp of the opening Spring till the last prolonged note of the receding Summer, built their nests, and kissed the flowers, and flitted over the windows, and twittered among the branches, and nestled among the shrubs. The elder of the ladies seemed in delicate health by the pale cheek and languor that pervaded every movement; but a calm serenity that composed the brow and gentle light that radiated the countenance showed plainly that nature's restlessness had been hushed and sweet resignation implanted within.

"Alice, dear," said she, "draw the blind a little lower and I will rest upon the sofa."

The daughter was obeying when a servant brought a letter, which she eagerly claimed as she recognized the handwriting of a friend.

"From Ida," she exclaimed, hastily tearing it open. "O, listen, mamma. After all it is only a note she writes:

DEAR ALICE,—Come next week. It is all arranged and the day set. Henry insists we must be married next month, but I do not consent. I won't consent till the 20th of the month after, which is my birthday. Of course he yields, though not in the most graceful style. O, Ally, dear, I'm so happy. Be sure and come as soon as possible, because, you know, we have every thing to talk about. Tell dear Mrs. Irvine to please be well enough by that time. It will be our most charming season, and she has always promised to visit us. I can not write any more now, because I am going to ride with Henry. I wonder if I'll ever remember to say Mr. Rogers before people! Good-by.

Your affectionate

IDA MERTON.

P. S. I quite forgot to say uncle Philip says I may have every thing as I please. Of course, you know, I must, but then it is pleasant for him and aunty of their own accord to let me. And they know, too, I am not very humble in my requests.

I. M.

"Dear child," said Mrs. Irvine, "I hope her bright spirit will never be clouded."

"O, mamma, please do not look so. Your face and voice are quite tinged with sadness. Who could be happier than Ida, and Henry Rogers is all that even you could wish in a son."

"All, my daughter?"

"Well, I know, mam' a, he is not a Christian, but in every other respect."

"Yes, dearest, in many respects Henry is a noble man, but he has a proud heart and strong will, and I do not know whether he and Ida will properly assimilate."

"But he loves her so devotedly."

"I do not doubt that. Still, Ida has such an impetuous, overtowering will I would much rather see her marry a Christian. If Henry does not happen to strike upon a peculiarly right

kind of influence I fear for them," and Mrs. Irvine shook her head doubtfully.

"O, please, mamma, do not fear any thing," and Alice kissed her mother's cheek coaxingly. "With your permission I'll write at once to dear Ida and tell her I'll go in two weeks."

As Alice skipped up the stairs to her own room she thought it was so strange mothers were so much more anxious about their daughters' marriages than they were of their own. Mamma had told her she had only been acquainted with her papa a few months before their marriage.

Ere many days the young friends were in earnest and protracted consultations, and finally arrived at the mutually-satisfactory conclusion that the *trousseau* was "perfect."

Mrs. Irvine was well enough to attend her young friend's wedding, and as Alice was arranging the long and expensively rich veil that fell like a cloud of spray around the delicate form of the bride, and twining with tasteful fingers the blossoms that confined the folds, she quietly slipped into the room and stood by her side till all was completed. Taking her hand affectionately, Mrs. Irvine drew her aside from the circle of bride's maids, and with a sweetness and solemnity that thrilled all, and that all ever remembered, she placed her own thin, delicate palm lightly upon her brow, and in a low voice breathed only such a blessing that can come alone from a Christian mother's heart.

Yes, Ida Merton was lovely, and that night radiantly so. Delicate every feature. The form slender and graceful. Arrayed with faultless taste, with but a single jewel—his gift. But, O, in neither feature, nor form, nor attire consisted the beauty that attracted the gaze and touched the heart of all who thronged the gilded apartments of her palace home. There was a light that beamed from that azure eye, a tone that breathed from the speaking lips that told, all unconsciously to herself, that the depths of her heart had been opened and were sending forth the sweets of a pure, childlike love.

"What a bold, willful wife you've got, Rogers!" exclaimed uncle Philip one day a few weeks after Ida's marriage. "Here I have been trying to show her how foolish for you two to keep up a separate establishment. But no, her will is set, and she is determined to have a house of her own."

"Did she never show any before her marriage?" inquired Mr. Rogers, smiling and looking toward his pretty wife, evidently thinking her way of showing "her will" was at least very becoming.

"O, yes, she was always terribly willful, always,

and I never did know how to manage her, neither did her aunt Catherine; but I cherished the idea that when you took her in hand you'd make something out of her. But the perversity about this housekeeping business shows not much progress has been made," and, despite uncle Phil's affection, there was real vexation in his voice.

"O, never fear, my good sir," said Mr. Rogers, drawing his wife's hand within his arm. "Come, Ida, let us take a walk. It is so delightful this evening."

As the couple passed out Ida looked archly back to her uncle, as much as to say, "You need n't think, uncle Phil, I'm going to yield the point."

They walked for some time beneath the broad shade of the tree, conversing upon various topics, when Henry said in a quiet tone as if to himself, "His heart seems so set upon it."

"Whose heart—set upon what?"

"Why, your uncle and aunt seem so desirous we should remain with them, and—"

"Well, I will not."

"Why?"

"Because I want to have a house of our own. And then, you know, it will be so pleasant for aunt and uncle to visit us, and then I'm going to learn to be a first-rate, a *splendid* housekeeper, and I want my own house to learn in; and, besides—O, I could give a hundred reasons."

"Can not you sacrifice the hundred for one more noble, Ida?"

"Pray, what *one* can outweigh my hundred?"

"That of simply gratifying your parents."

Parents! Ah, yes, uncle Philip and aunt Catherine Stanforth had been affectionate, indulgent, but, alas! dangerously-indulgent parents, for, not knowing what to do or how to do in Ida's moral education, as other parents in similar circumstances, they did nothing, and Ida's nature was very natural in most of its developments.

She was silent for some moments, as if weighing the possibility of acquiescence, but at length answered decidedly, "Well, I love uncle Phil and aunt dearly, and would like to gratify them; but then I have formed so many delightful plans, and my heart is so set upon it; so do not say any thing more about it, if you please, for my mind is made up. I want to go this very week and look at carpeting."

Mr. Rogers was quite disappointed. It seemed to him so insignificant an act, of no importance whatever, whether they were in their own home or remained for a time with Mr. and Mrs. Stanforth, and yet Ida was so positive, so *willful*, he could n't help saying to himself. The merest shadow of a cloud passed over his face and

lingered a moment—just a moment on the heart, but his wife's lively voice soon dispelled it.

Days, and months, and years, rushed, or glided, or dragged, as the various incidents that filled them were exciting, or pleasing, or tedious. But while Ida ate, and slept, and lived, a worm was coiling around the root of her happiness—a cloud was in the distance, fleecy, undefined, merely tinged with the hue that was to assume a more portentous character. Ida Rogers, the woman, the bride, the wife, was the same unpersuadable being as was Ida Merton, the child. O, who can measure the ever-increasing capacity of the human heart for development! Infinity is stamped upon its nature. As an infinite God has thus affixed his seal, so must it go on, gathering, expanding, disbursing. Its action can not be confined to itself. As the faintest beam from the sun penetrates the obscurest crevice of the rock, warming the seed, and lighting the diamond, and dispelling the darkness with its bright circumference, so does the human spirit from its very nature as certainly, as quietly, and as unconsciously steal into the heart of its fellow-mortal, and impress, and mold, and actuate.

That Ida really loved him her husband could not doubt; still she so often thwarted his wishes and ran counter to his "weaknesses," as she styled them, that frequently, instead of winning her over as he might have done by appeals to her reason and the persuasives of affection, an irritated manner too often betrayed his chagrin; criminations were added which stung her high spirit. In proportion as the gushing, sparkling, ever-flowing rills of affection are darkened and stained by the intermingling of streams foreign to their purity, or as they are diverted from their true course by exacting selfishness, and pressed into unpropitious channels instead of vivifying and throwing a charm over existence, they dry away from the sands of every-day life, leaving all bare, and rocky, and unsightly.

Ida Rogers beheld with a jealous eye but a haughty spirit the gradual withdrawal of a thousand little attentions that can be prompted only by an overflowing love. The husband's heart shrunk within itself, and unwisely fed upon its disappointment. A gradual coolness supervened, then a decided coldness, then an alienation, till at length Mr. Rogers found more pleasure in the sparkling wine and fascinating card away from home than in the society of his once adored Ida.

The fire burnt low in the broken grate. Flake after flake of dead ashes crumbled from the scanty supply of fuel, and fell noiselessly upon the hearth. The wind, occasionally sweeping

down the chimney, flung the thick soot and smoke into a face that crouched before the decaying embers. Ever and anon a furious blast rushed around the dwelling, threatening to lift the roof, but a slight shrug of the shoulders alone betokened that the individual had any consciousness of the dreadful storm that was raging without. Why should she? How could she? The storm within exceeded in fury. A fever seemed burning her very spirit, and those eyes gazed into the depths of the crumbling mass before her as with the fascination a serpent inspires.

Gradually burnt away the fuel, still the eyes moved not; slowly fell the ashes, till at length the whole mass fell with a dull, leaden sound. She started, looked around, and as her eye fell upon a form at a little distance a bitter laugh passed her lip, and words of scorn were about to be poured forth. Suddenly checking herself she whispered in a mournful tone, while scalding tears dashed her cheek, "No, no, I have loved him, God knows I've loved him; and O, for how much of this I may blame myself! He has stung me with reproaches, but I've been wayward, willful. O, I've been wrong, *wrong*; I see it, I feel it!"

She drew near the bed where lay her husband in a state of half-unconsciousness, and parted the hair upon the forehead. Light was the touch, but it seemed to vibrate with the power of other years, and sent a thrill to the heart that was feebly beating, but in an instant was throbbing with shame and anguish. His eyes remained closed, but he felt his wife was beside him, and, putting his arm around her, tenderly drew her close to his bosom. She burst into tears.

"Ida," said he, "Ida, assure me once more that you love me, and I promise on the spot to abjure forever this really incipient habit. It is the first time I have been completely overcome; but, heavens! how cold you are! why have n't you a better fire?"

He forgot that his wife had reminded him that very morning of the scarcity of their fuel. He forgot that, when attempting the playfulness of former years—way back on memory's record—she took from his pocket the scanty supply of money, which, however, would have been sufficient to have made them comfortable; he forgot the oath that almost for the first time had passed his lips, the cruel wrenching grasp, the indignant, injured, frightened look that shot from those eyes into which he had once delighted to gaze; he forgot the flood of tears and words of anguish as he passed out from an unusually-sharp contention, and the low wail of despair that crept

upon his ear. Yes, in the depths of his own despairing wretchedness he forgot his conduct. He knew not that from the moment he left till dead of night she walked the apartment exclaiming in bitterness unutterable, "I wish I was dead—I wish I was dead, *dead, dead*!" and as she looked around the room and saw poverty instead of affluence, with a haughty flush on her pale cheek, and eyes that seemed to flash fire from her burning soul, she gazed into the mirror, exclaiming with scornful vehemence, "Ida Merton, Ida Merton! Is this Ida Merton?—this, this!"

Ah, thou poor victim of an unsubdued spirit, thou feeblest now the depths of corruption that lie surging within thy heart, that, as streams of lava from the outbursting volcano, could engulf thy being, held in check only by the hand of the Spirit that created thee. As surely as thou didst sow the wind thou art reaping the whirlwind—a whirlwind of passion, and disappointment, and misery.

Mr. Rogers, for indeed it was he, seized the poker and raked the dead ashes. A spark only seemed left—an electric spark that touched a chord in his breast.

"Here, come here, Ida. See there—look, fire is in that spark—hope is in that spark; yes, for you, for me, Ida. Come, I'll take this as a sign. If I can get this spark to kindle there is yet happiness for us."

"Quick, then, be quick," interrupted Ida nervously. "Stay not, stop not—hasten to feed it, or all will be lost."

He rushed from the door, and in a few moments reappeared with an armful of wood.

"Gently, gently," exclaimed Ida, who had watched with intensity that little harbinger. "Do n't smother it, a few splinters first. There, there, blow gently—*O, blow gently*, or it will be out!" and, almost frenzied with excitement, she pushed her husband aside, and, bending down on her knees before the grate, put her mouth close to the little coal. The least flicker of light alone betokened a warmer element. Again the splinters were arranged, another flicker—a pale blue smoke encouraged the drooping hope. Again she breathed slowly, carefully, and the least possible appearance of a flame followed. The splinters ignited, the wood was placed in order, and soon the grate and room were filled with the bright light of a cheerful blaze. Ah, that was no ordinary fire. Life or death, happiness or misery lived therein. The wife's heart yielded to a new influence, the husband's heart moved toward his wife, and, with hands clasped, confessions were uttered, promises were made, and as the morning star shed its mild luster

through the window, it became the seal of peace and joy to those desolate hearts.

How natural that one depressed with suffering and confined to the comparatively-narrow circle of home should have the fear of spending a useless life! It is only when the soul looks aloft and reads providence in the thrilling nerve, and the aching head, and the wasting form—reads providence in every event—a providence of wisdom, and guidance, and love—it is only when the submissive soul reads that the plan of life is maturing, the great end of creation and existence is climaxing, that it can triumph amid its discouragements, and feel within its grasp the substance of things hoped for, or possess the evidence of things not seen.

With the Christian character of her mother ever before her, strengthening and expanding under the discipline of an invalid's life, Alice Irvine could scarcely fail to imbibe an admiration and desire to imitate the gentle virtue of yielding her own to the preferences of others.

A year or two after Mr. and Mrs. Rogers were established in their own dwelling, Ida insisted that Alice should pass a Winter with them, promising the "gayest, happiest time she ever had." Gay their home was at times, but not happy. Alice beheld with pain and disappointment the little animosities, the petty bickerings, the out-bursting retorts of the married couple. She noticed, too, that it was a willful obstinacy on Ida's part that generally gave rise to these domestic disagreements, but at the same time she could not disguise from herself the equally palpable fact that Mr. Rogers had utterly failed in the "peculiarly right kind of influence."

Presuming upon their intimacy and long-existing friendship, Alice ventured one day to suggest to Ida that a gentle compliance or obedience to her husband's wishes would prove more agreeable.

"Obedience," repeated Ida, tapping her foot impatiently; "obedience to my husband! I scorn it, I hate it. No, *I'll do as I please*, and if he can not love me with my faults—I *spurn* it, that's all."

On returning home, with her usual confidence Alice related to her mother her sad disappointment and the little scenes of discord that constantly occurred. Mrs. Irvine sighed deeply as her fears were thus realized, but as she lifted her heart in fervent prayer for her young friends, she often felt, though living at a distance, they were connected with the mission of her life.

One evening about an hour before sunset Mrs. Irvine was reclining upon a lounge before the open window, which commanded a fine view of

the surrounding country. Gentle undulations formed the landscape below, but these gradually swelled into high hills, and even the outline of mountain ranges might be seen bathed in that misty liquid blue that so ravishes the enthusiastic admirer of nature. A small stream added its element of beauty, now with modest retirement gliding among these undulations, and now with unwonted boldness leaping over rocks, forming a beautiful cascade about a mile distant. There was a certain disposition of the sunlight and shade, a certain softness in the atmosphere that at times melts the spirit with a magic power—a power that the most earth-born can not resist. How intensified, then, the enjoyment of a heart purified by grace and realizing its Creator's hand in every leaf and spray, seeing his majesty in the mountain, his humility in the valley, his kindness in the flower, his love in all! Mrs. Irvine's pious heart yielded to these subduing emotions. Her hands were calmly folded, her eyes that had been delighting in the view before her were closed. Now and then a tear rolled silently from the lid, but her spirit seemed luxuriating amid the beatitudes of Beulah.

A carriage unheeded wound slowly up the avenue, and ere long Henry and Ida Rogers were kneeling at her side. But ten years had passed since the night that Mrs. Irvine had slipped a small present into the hand of the bride and poured upon her head the anointing oil of a Christian's benediction; and now when she gazed into the depths of those liquid orbs, and glanced along the lines that here and there ridged the pale face, she knew there had been suffering—misery untold writhing the proud spirit within. Her eye rested affectionately on Henry, and there, too, she saw a work had been going on. A fiery discipline of heart-suffering had accomplished a revolution in both of their characters.

"Dear Mrs. Irvine," whispered Ida, "I often wondered why you marked but *one* short passage in the Bible you gave me, and wondered still more why you selected *that*, but I have *experienced* 'what a great matter a little fire kindleth,' and know, too, that the consuming flame can be quenched alone by the purple drops of the Crucified."

VERY few men acquire wealth in such a manner as to receive pleasure from it. Just as long as there is the enthusiasm of the chase they enjoy it; but when they begin to look around and think of settling down, they find that that part by which joy enters is dead in them. They have spent their lives in heaping up colossal piles of treasure, which stand like the pyramids in the desert sands, holding only the dust of kings.

CARLYLE AND HIS RELIGION.

BY W. W. BATTERSHALL.

THE period immediately following that of Voltaire and the French Revolution introduced in England a new dispensation of metaphysical thought. Coleridge, trained in the German schools of philosophy, and inspired by the speculations of his German masters, we consider its pioneer prophet. His residence at Highgate was the nursery of its development.

There on stated occasions, enthroned in his great easy-chair, presided the oracle, pouring forth in deep organ tones those floods of dreamy eloquence which fell upon the ears of his disciples like inspiration, and to this day have made the fame of Coleridge as a conversationalist eclipse even his princely renown as a poet or metaphysician. Although confessedly the most creative and comprehensive genius of his age, if not altogether, according to De Quincy, the "largest and most spacious intellect that has hitherto existed among men," the great apostle of spiritual philosophy seems after all but little better than a glorious antinomy—

"A beam ethereal, sullied and absorbed,"

discoursing like an angel, living like a slave; now soaring to the very gate of heaven, now sinking in the lowest pit of sensuality; a stricken Titan, within whose soul the celestial fire, well-nigh smothered with the damps of earthly passion, at times burst forth in wild, dazzling splendors, which, though fitful, might well be taken for the lightnings of a true Apollo. Thus, too, we imagine, thought young Carlyle as he mingled with the crowd of devotees at Highgate. With them he loved to frequent the English shrine of philosophy, but according to his own admissions more as an admiring skeptic than a hearty, sincere worshiper.

The glittering word-pomp and gorgeous imagery of the drug-inspired dreamer were to him rather unprofitable trash. Like Byron amid the gayeties of Venice, he wanted "something more craggy for his mind to break upon." Though Coleridge and his "transcendental moonshine" could not satisfy the earnest young Scotchman, his connection with him is of great significance, from the fact that he did much to foster his genius and mold his character. Indirectly, too, he supplied him with that *craggy* nutriment for which his soul hungered. Although he did not open to his inquiring disciple the portals, yet he undoubtedly was the first who displayed to him the inner recesses of the great mystic temple of German literature.

The admirers of Carlyle are disposed to make his introduction to the philosophers of Germany the grand epoch of his life—the point at which his true history begins. However this may be, it was to him the opening of a new world—a world of primordial thought, peopled by true royal thinkers. Jean Paul, the homely, sublime prose poet, whom his countrymen delighted to call "the unique," first entranced the young explorer. From him he passed into the society of Schelling, Hegel, Schiller, Novalis, Fichte, and Kant. Leaving all these he finally seated himself a humble student at the feet of the renowned Goethe—a man whose calm, strong, intellectual manhood excited his highest reverence, and whom he afterward with much glorification placed first in his Pantheon of Modern Literary Heroes. Carlyle entered upon the study of German literature as an earnest, sincere inquirer. He pursued it like one digging for hidden treasures. That his search was successful, that he found something which entered into his very being and molded all his subsequent thought, every page of his writings testifies. That his vision was entirely unimpaired by his attendance upon the smoky altars of German metaphysics, upon which were equally sacrificed the burnt-offerings of reason and the incense of imagination, we will leave his panegyrists to demonstrate. Suffice it for us to consider the kind and degree of spiritual satisfaction that he there obtained.

"A man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him" is a Carlylean truth, equally applicable to the author and to the rest of humanity; nay, of such a man it is the all and in all. What he believes and how he came to believe it are questions of transcendent import.

In regard to Carlyle's religious opinions there can now be no manner of doubt. Every sentence that flows from his pen is an earnest, solemn, irrevocable declaration of faith. Of his spiritual growth, his struggle from doubt to belief, we must remain comparatively ignorant. Except a few strange, somewhat disconnected passages in "Sartor Resartus," he sees fit to make us no revelation upon the subject. In that most extraordinary book of the nineteenth century, amid the quaintest humor, the sublimest poetry, the most grotesque imagery, we, however, find utterances which seem to speak to us with tongues of fire, telling us the history of a wild, mysterious, spiritual warfare. Under the guise of a wandering German philosopher discoursing in a truly original style upon the philosophy of clothes, and stuffing zodiacal-inscribed paper-bags with curious scraps of autobiography, Carlyle has attempted to sketch the progress of his soul from

what he calls the "Everlasting No," the kingdom of doubt, where all nature is shrouded in midnight gloom, where unbelief has planted its brazen heel upon the hearts of men, and the universe is but "a vast, gloomy, solitary Golgotha, a mill of death," through the "Center of Indifference," the Mountain of Purification, where the rays of hope begin to stream from the overhanging blackness, and the stricken soul dares to utter its stern, defiant protest against the sovereignty of Falsehood up to the realms of the "Everlasting Yea," where the breaking clouds reveal the heavens of love, and where by the sunlight of faith the conquering spirit can read the divine significance of nature, and rejoice in the consciousness of its own unspeakable glory and immortality. Thus, like the pilgrims in Dante's vision, did the soul of Teufelsdröckh climb from the dark pit of Doubt through much struggling to the high regions of Belief. Such, we have reason to believe, was the history of Thomas Carlyle. Nursed amid the sternest aspects of nature, trained by the rugged yet faithful hands of Poverty, he early acquired that self-dependence which is the first condition and noblest wealth of all genuine greatness. In his youth he learned to see, think, and believe for himself. Ready-made opinions, cut out and sewed together for whoever might purchase, were to him not worth the wearing. His faith, if he had any, must not bear the stamp of another manufacturer, it must be hammered out upon the anvil of his own soul. That his pious mother should trust in the God of the Bible, should walk before him in all humility, and rejoice in the manifestations of his almighty love, was altogether good and beautiful; he loved it, revered it, but saw in it no reason why he should likewise trust and rejoice. Having thus cut himself loose from his ancestral faith, Carlyle for a long time drifted hither and thither like a dismantled ship seeking in vain for an anchorage. It was to him earnest, terribly-earnest business.

In his "Sartor" he gives us some details of his "fever paroxysms of doubt," and "how in the silent night watches, still darker in his heart than over sky and earth, he has cast himself before the All-seeing, and with audible prayers cried vehemently for light, for deliverance from death and the grave." To his doubting mind no light or deliverance came. Shade after shade rolled darkly over his soul till at last it was enshrouded in the rayless glooms of Atheism, yet not the blackness of utter unbelief. Though the world to him was but a grinding death-machine, though men seemed to have forsaken the temples of divinity, and there appeared, indeed, to be no God, but a blind, resistless force

pervading the universe, yet there remained truth and virtue. Somewhere if not on earth the celestial Presences existed, all-powerful, ever-abiding, though, perhaps, forever unrevealed. Even in this the very bottom of the abyss he cried out in the strong agony of his soul, that some "divine messenger" or miraculous "hand-writing" would declare unto him the law of duty that he might follow it, though it bid him leap into the infernal fire.

An earnestness like this will in time work out its own salvation. From the godless Limbo of obstinate doubt, of fierce denial, of consuming despair, Carlyle was at length redeemed. This event, which he may well call "the most important transaction in life," is recorded in the usual symbolic and unsatisfactory style of "Sartor." Like a revelation the question suddenly rises within him, Why these haunting fears, these bitter soul-agonies, these hopeless strugglings at the bars of destiny? What, after all, is this world of negation, this "valley of the shadow of death," but the terrestrial kingdom of Satan? What have I to do with Satan but henceforth and forever to manfully defy him, and battle with him in all his developments?

With this there rushed as it were a "stream of fire" over his soul. Inspired with an unknown strength, he uttered an indignant protest, a victorious "Upage Satana," and forthwith his long-tempted soul emerged from the howling wilderness of unbelief, and thereafter took up its abode in the somewhat more habitable regions of action. "It is from this hour," he exclaims, "that I incline to date my spiritual new birth, or baphometric fire-baptism." He considers it the preliminary act of his true life—the renunciation of all shadows, and especially the falsest of all, the shadow of himself. From that time he conceives his eyes were gradually opened to a new heaven and a new earth. Then he began to understand the divine truth of the universe. It was no longer a machine, a huge involution of forces. It was God's abiding miracle, his "visualized idea," yea, his "living garment," through which he breathed and lovingly manifested himself to his children. Then, too, he began to unriddle the great mystery of existence. Not happiness but blessedness is the highest destiny of the soul. Work, then, is the true evangel of life. To all men is it decreed by earnest, faithful work to body forth the ideal within them, and present it a most acceptable sacrifice before the eternal God of work. To the royal few, the noblest of workers, is it given to stand as anointed priests before the people, as godlike presences interpreting the godlike, and as such forever to be loved, and feared, and revered. Thus after

a long, tempestuous voyage, his well-nigh shipwrecked soul anchored at last in the haven of the "Everlasting Yea," within whose precincts he imagines all contradiction is solved, all doubt is lost in labor, and all labor is transfigured to worship.

Carlyle's spiritual history is a realization of the palingenesia of his great German teacher—the process by which the soul is to rise above the objective and learn to satisfy itself with the subjective truths of its position; in a word, the doctrine of self-sufficiency, the religion of self-righteousness. His strong, independent mind eagerly seized and pursued this philosophic plan of salvation. With a mournful interest we see him turn from the old Scotch Kirk of his forefathers, with its immutable God of the Bible and equally-immutable articles of belief, to wander in that wild, enchanted desert of skepticism, where, one by one, the stars of his former faith go out, and his doubting, bewildered soul gropes blindly hither and thither for some new Calvary amid the fast-gathering darkness of despair. With a painful disappointment, too, we perceive that he counts as his deliverance not a sense of victory over, but a mere consciousness of battle with the powers of unbelief, and that the spiritual world in which he finally rejoices boasts no higher deity than the God of pantheism, no truer revelation than the nobility of work, and no purer worship than a boundless admiration for heroic workers. "Truly," to quote his own nervous, half-prophetic language, "a thinking man is the worst enemy the prince of darkness can have. Every time such a one announces himself, I doubt not there runs a shudder through the nether empire, and new emissaries are trained with new tactics to, if possible, entrap him, and hoodwink and handcuff him."

Carlyle, however, considers his spiritual struggles and sorrows as a sort of forty-days' temptation, necessary to the full development of his soul, and from which he finally emerged, purified through much suffering, disciplined by many conflicts, to commence his great apostolic work. With a fiery, Mahomet-like earnestness, he girded up his loins for his ministry, and forthwith proclaimed his gospel of, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees." He felt that his was not the age to utter glad tidings of peace, which should tickle men's ears and be laid as a delightful ununction to their consciences. He saw that the seeds of thought sown by the encyclopedists and mechanical philosophers had sprung up in an abundant harvest of skepticism and hypocrisy; that literature was fast degenerating into a vanity fair, where literary hucksters displayed their wares and counted the gains therefrom;

that religion was too generally but a Sabbath-day garment, worn as a species of defense against the eternal horrors; that society was a mere imbroglio of frivolities and conventionalities, having for its god mammon, and its bible public opinion. He conceived that his generation had become barren, unspiritual, and idolatrous, and that it was for him to appear, like Schiller's ideal artist, "not to delight it with his presence, but, dreadful as the son of Agamemnon, to purify it." This consciousness of a great evil to oppose, and his authority to oppose it, has to this day invested Carlyle with a singular power and energy. He speaks with the bold, startling vehemence of a prophet, fully convinced of the importance, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his divine calling. With his views of the nineteenth century, it is not strange that his writings should exhibit him chiefly as a reformer. He comes, indeed, as a genuine breaker of idols, armed like Thor with a thunder-hammer, and assailing with pitiless strokes the most venerable citadels of superstition and error. Whatever his heart acknowledges as false and inane, his strong arm is instantly uplifted to strike and dash in pieces. Every temple in which no longer the presence of Divinity abides, or the voice of true worship ascends, every creed which is no longer a living testament of men's faith, but a dead formula of men's words, is to him an abomination, fit only for the everlasting burning.

In his fierce crusade against hypocrisy and cant, he denounces all forms, traditions, hearsays and opinions, every thing, in fact, upon which the mind is inclined to fasten and acknowledge, as absolute truth. He believes in nothing but strong, earnest manhood, and to his mind all these are as filthy rags, which but defile and obscure the divine Image—a threadbare mantle with which an age, whose very heart is diseased, and whose whole body is fast declining in paralysis and death, is striving to cover itself and conceal its deformities.

Amid his frantic efforts to abolish what he calls the lifeless letter of religion, Carlyle, however, seizes every opportunity to enunciate what he believes to be the vital spirit of religion. He comes not only as a destroyer of old, but, to some extent, as a builder of new altars, though it must be acknowledged that both the inscription engraved and fire burned thereon are of a somewhat questionable character. The evangel that he proclaims, which is after all not so much a peculiar system of faith as detached passages of a peculiar revelation, is for the most part an anglicized version of the Goethean philosophy. He recognizes all religious beliefs as genuine, inasmuch as they have the great element of sin-

cerity, but teaches that only by the union of the ethnic, philosophic, and Christian can a complete religion be evolved.

Though denying the absolute nature of truth, and the sufficiency of any formula of faith to endure for all ages, he strenuously insists upon man's spiritual necessities, and his constant responsibility to an infinite God. With prophetic earnestness he attests the awful significance of life as a brief moment snatched from eternity, fraught with high duties, encompassed with stern necessities, and determining to every man immortal destinies.

With somewhat of apocalyptic splendor he unfolds the wonderfulness of nature, with its deep-hidden, resistless forces, its many-voiced waters, and starry depths of immensity. With deep, sincere reverence, also, he alludes to that "noblest Godlike form of man," and that "worship of sorrow whose temple, founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures; nevertheless," he continues, "in a low crypt, arched out of fallen fragments, thou findest the altar still there and its sacred lamp perennially burning." Notwithstanding this and a few similar passages would betoken a devout prostration of soul before the Author of our faith, yet we discover in his writings no recognition of the incarnate life-word of God, no acceptance of the atoning sacrifice of Calvary. The sum total of Carlyle's absolute belief may, we fear, be embodied in a single sentence—*This transient existence, this changing universe, is a divine, inexplicable mystery.* Exhorting the world to stifle its aspirations after more positive truth, and recommending as an outlet to its devotional instincts, the adoration of heroes, he proclaims this as the one immutable verity, and the end, therefore, of all spiritual excellence.

We can not close this imperfect sketch of Carlyle's religious growth and opinions without adverting in a few words to his present position as a religious teacher. That the influence of his writings is great, almost unexampled in the history of modern literature, must be acknowledged. Although their furious attacks upon received forms and doctrines have alienated nearly all believers in the Christian revelation and the established systems of philanthropy, yet their peculiar depth of insight, their vivid paintings of character, their earnest pleadings for the spiritual, and fearless denunciations of all insincerity and epicurean morality, have made them read and admired, if not accepted by men of all sects and conditions. Their glowing thoughts have already burned themselves like living coals into the very heart of our literature, while their bold, vehement

utterances are fast becoming the inspiration and the watch-words of nearly every class of modern progressionists.

Notwithstanding all this, we believe that the Jupiter Tonans of Chelsea occupies but a temporary throne. His thunderbolts have been skillfully forged and hurled with terrible promiscuousness, but be it remembered that the crown is decreed not to the destroyer but to the reformer and upbuilder. If Carlyle would become a teacher of the nineteenth Christian century, he must present us a nobler mandate than "work thou in well-doing," a sublimer life-song than Goethe's "Mason Lodge," a more satisfactory creed than that which wrings from the soul of the Laureate-doubter the bitter confession—

"I falter where I firmly trod,
And, falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God,
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

Carlyle's Gospel of Negation, with its sincerities, chivalries, immensities, and eternities, may do much to strengthen and enforce, but can never supersede that ampler, holier, and "more sure word of prophecy." While his influence may prove pernicious to those who have never experienced that higher knowledge which he refuses to recognize, it can not in the least undermine the true spirit of Christianity which rises far above the clouds that limit his vision to that serene region where doubt is lost in triumphant faith, and all is glorious with the rays of the Sun of righteousness.

THE DAY BY THE LAKE.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

SOMETIMES upon our dreary life
A day of wondrous beauty falls,
As if the Lord threw down to us
A flower from the celestial walls;
And when its light has passed away,
We look around with blinded eyes,
And wonder if it was a dream,
Or if we were in paradise.

Even such a day was that, my friend,
When by the shining lake we stood,
Blue skies above us, and around
The shadows of the Summer wood.
We can not hope that days so bright
On this bleak world will often rise;
God grant us many lovelier ones
By the sweet lakes of paradise!

WHITEFIELD'S SECOND VISIT TO VIRGINIA.

BY DAVID CREAMER.

WHITEFIELD was much gratified with his visit to Virginia, and especially with the country shown to him by the Governor and commissary at Williamsburg, as evidenced by his desire and conditional promise to return during the Summer. In this, however, he was disappointed, as nearly seven years intervened between his first and second visits. Not till the Fall of 1746 do we find him again traversing the counties of the Old Dominion. But he soon found a very different state of feeling existing on the part of the Church and Government, from whom he received very different treatment. There had evidently arisen "a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph." He was not long permitted to preach, "the door being shut," as he expressed it, by a proclamation issued by Governor Gooch, forbidding, under the severest penalties, the meeting of "Moravians, New Lights, and Methodists."

That Whitefield had already done a "good work," and was ahead of the Governor, we think certain from the following extract of a letter to the Rev. J. Wesley, written in Queen Ann's county, Maryland, October 14, 1746. This letter is not published among Whitefield's Works, but is found in the first volume of the *Arminian Magazine*. He says: "If you ask how it is with me, I answer, Happy in Jesus, the Lord, my righteousness. If you ask what I am doing, Ranging and hunting in the American woods after poor sinners, and resolved in the strength of Jesus to pursue the heavenly game more and more. If you ask with what success, I would answer—O, amazing grace!—With great success indeed, for my labors were never more acceptable, and the door for fifteen hundred miles together is quite open for preaching the everlasting Gospel. In Maryland and Virginia people fly to hear the Word like doves to the windows. Congregations are large, and the work is going on just as it began and went on in England."

This letter was written before the issue of the Governor's proclamation, and also one from Hanover county, Virginia, in the following month, wherein he states, "I have been in seven counties of Maryland, and erelong think to *preach in as many in this province*. There is a sweet stirring among the dry bones." The precise date of the proclamation we have not been able to learn. Dr. Hawks says it was issued in 1746. Whitefield's first reference to it, so far as we can find, is April 26, 1747. He was then at Bohe-

hemia, Maryland, and writes: "After two days' abode here I propose, God willing, to take a three weeks' circuit in hunting after Maryland sinners. In Virginia, for the present, the door is shut, but I believe it will be open in the Fall to more advantage. I have no thoughts of visiting it this Spring." And two days later he says: "As I came along I saw Mr. [Samuel] Davies. He is licensed, as are the four houses in Virginia, but there is a proclamation issued out against all itinerants. Nothing can be done to the purpose, but all will be in the utmost confusion, unless some proper person is always resident among the awakened souls."

The Protestant province in Virginia, unlike the Catholic colony of her sister, Maryland, had long been a persecuting power. Heretofore the weight of her anathemas had fallen first upon the poor Quakers, then upon the wicked Puritans and Papists, then upon the dangerous Presbyterians and Baptists. Now several new classes of enemies spring up, even within the bosom of "the Church," which threaten her peace and perpetuity. They, too, must be made to feel the parental "rod" of correction, held by the hand of their loving "mother"—the Protestant Episcopal Church of England, as established by law in the province of Virginia. It is no excuse for the "Moravians" that they were lineal descendants of the first followers of the "despised Nazarene," and their bishops of the pure Apostolic Succession; nor for the "New Lights," that they were adherents of Whitefield, a regularly-educated and ordained clergyman of the Church of England; nor for the "Methodists," that they were the friends, or—on Dr. Hawks's own testimony—at worst, *not* the enemies of the "Establishment." They were all equally guilty in that they were all *without* the pale of "the Church," and consequently *out* of its protection, but within reach of its persecuting arm.

It is a singular historical fact that thirty years after the publication of the "proclamation" under notice, in 1776, when the American people issued their "Declaration of Rights," proclaiming to all men the free exercise of religious worship, and which gave a decided blow to the "Establishment," the Methodists of Virginia joined with the Episcopal clergy in petitioning the Legislature, soliciting "the continuance of the Establishment upon principles of justice, of wisdom, and of policy!"

Nor is the defense of the Governor by Rev. Samuel Davies, afterward President of Princeton College, as quoted by Dr. Hawks, less remarkable. Here, indeed, are examples of loving our enemies and returning good for evil such as are not often found. Whatever may have been the

offenses of the proscribed Presbyterians and Methodists, surely those of despising "government" and speaking evil of "dignities" were not among them. In his "State of Religion in Virginia," Davies says: "The Hon. Sir William Gooch, our late Governor, always discovered a ready disposition to allow us—Presbyterians—all claimable privileges, and the greatest aversion to persecuting measures; but, considering the shocking reports spread abroad concerning us by officious malignants, it was no great wonder that the council discovered considerable reluctance to tolerate us." It must be remembered that Dr. Davies, who died long before the Revolution, in 1761, was a loyal subject of the British Crown, and had been, when in England collecting money for Princeton College, treated with great respect and liberality, and, of course, was desirous to make the best apology he could for the persecuting Governor.

As to how numerous were the "obnoxious dissentients" to whom the proclamation referred, or how successful it proved in suppressing them, the Church historian does not know, but he thinks "the probability is" that, having once got a foothold, the "proclamation" and "severest penalties" to the contrary, "they increased in strength." "Certain it is," says Dr. Hawks, "that from this period onward through a succession of many years, the course of the Church was not free from lets and hinderances, and we may here most properly, it is thought, fix the commencement of a struggle which was terminated by her almost entire overthrow."

The reader has noticed in the proclamation that the "Methodists" are distinguished from "Moravians" and "New Lights." Dr. Hawks, referring to this fact when treating of the introduction of Methodism into Virginia about the year 1772, says "there were doubtless individuals and, it may be, preachers of that society," at the date of the proclamation—1746—but, he adds, "they seem thus far not to have made any very strong impression, and certainly one not hostile to the Church." Then why proscribe and subject them to the "pains and penalties" of the law? But we think he is probably mistaken, and that the immediate cause of the war of 1746, upon the "Moravians, New Lights, and Methodists," was the appearance of Whitefield in Virginia, and the extraordinary effects which followed his evangelical ministrations, as detailed in his letter to Mr. Wesley.

There had been for several years a revival or increase of religious concern in Virginia among the Presbyterians under the zealous labors of the Rev. William Robinson, who came into the colony in 1743, and "was soon followed by other

clergymen of his denomination, and now the attention of Government seems to have been excited." And in 1745, says Dr. Hawks, the Governor, in an address to the grand jury, complains that a system of religious worship contrary to that of the Establishment has been introduced into the colony. Here, then, is doubtless the *spark*, which, in all probability, was kindled to a *flame* by the presence of Whitefield the next year, and hence the proclamation of 1746. This, at least, is our theory or elucidation of the unholy and disgraceful persecution by Governor Gooch and his council—a persecution, however, which, in the opinion of the accomplished historian of the Episcopal Church in Virginia, was the harbinger of "her almost entire overthrow."

MADNESS IS THE MIRTH OF SORROW.

BY T. HULBERT UNDERWOOD.

'T is a weary Winter night,
And the earth is wrapped in gloom,
While a fading funeral light
Conjures shadows in the room.
Lonely vigil I am keeping
Near a corpse, in sorrow weeping,
Kneeling down beside despair,
In my desolation there.

Shadows of the funeral things
Are the most fantastic-shaped;
Some are poised on ebon wings,
Others in deep mourning draped;
Blackest gnomes, of horrid seeming,
Crouch within the corners dreaming,
Or, in harness, round the walls
Stand like olden seneschals.

Strange! what images of mirth
In the hour of deepest gloom,
When my fondest hopes are dearth,
Should assail me in this room;
Comic shapes with monster noses,
Hideous visions crowned with roses,
Gather round the laden bier,
Squint, and mime, and ape, and leer.

When my eyelids drop a tear
They will toss it through the room,
O'er the lost one lying here,
Toss it, gleaming, through the gloom;
And with hateful mirth or madness,
Break the current of my sadness,
Forcing laughter, till the dead,
Wond'ring, lifts its ghastly head.

O, it is a fearful grief
That assumes this mocking cry!
When its prayer brings no relief,
Then the soul must laugh or die.
Madness is the mirth of sorrow,
And the spirit stoops to borrow
Respite of its heavy pain
From the fever of the brain.

LEGENDS OF DUMPLING HILL—TOM BENNET.

BY MRS. SARAH A. MYERS.

"All may be heroes;
'The man who rules his spirit,' saith the voice
Which can not err, 'is greater than the man
Who takes a city.' Hence it surely follows,
If each might have dominion of himself,
And each would govern wisely, and thus show
Truth, courage, knowledge, power, benevolence,
And all the princely soul in private virtues,
Then each would be a prince, a hero—greater
He will be man in likeness of his Maker."

"'T is easier for the generous to forgive
Than for offense to ask it."

CHAPTER I.

"DO N'T be so onrestless, neighbor Bennet," said Nancy, "what I'm tellin' you is just as true as preachin'. Many as braken a ship as that has come to land. Tom 'll come back, for did n't Gwynn Jones go off unbeknownst to her family to a far country, and like the prodigious son she was very glad to come back."

"Tom was no prodigal son," sobbed the widow, "but the best boy; he was just persecuted till he could bear no more."

"I know that," said Nancy, as she stood beside the mourning mother, twisting the corner of her apron in her fingers, "many's the talk me and Mr. Murphy have had about him, and I do say he was the peaceablest boy I ever see, never *mishisten* any body. I often wondered how he bore with all the persecution he got, for every body says he was persecuted. He ought to have *fit* it out at first as he did at last; he could a stopped it long ago if he had *fit* them."

"Tom was no coward," said the widow, wiping her eyes; "perhaps it would have been easier to fight than bear what he did, but I have always taught him from the good book, which says, 'Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath. Recompense no man evil for evil, but overcome evil with good.'"

"I know all that," rejoined Nancy; "it's all good, but still I'm glad he had spunk enough at last to give that George Tompkins a good bastin' and then run off; he could n't stay here after that, you know."

"No more he could n't," answered the widow; "it's not the running off that I fret about, although I do n't know where my poor boy is gone to any more than you do, neighbor Cadman, but it's being put in the paper like a runaway slave and advertised at six cents reward; that surely was spite work and nothing else. We come of good people in Maryland if we are poor now, and it's a terrible disgrace to have one's

only child to run off and be advertised at six cents, as if he had been the very worst boy in the world," and throwing her apron over her head she once more gave way to a violent fit of weeping.

"Now, Mrs. Bennet," continued Nancy, "it's no use in frettin' and cryin' over spilt milk. If Tom had been a bad boy, drinkin' and fightin', then you might cry your eyes out, as you are a doin', but he was n't. You could not persuade him to taste a drop of any thing stronger nor water, for on the day of my Jim's *infare* I sweetened up a glass of wine for him, but he would n't take it, for says he, 'Aunt Nancy,' says he, 'I do n't smoke, drink, nor chaw tobacky.' So I would n't take it so hard. Being put in the paper will be a nine days' wonder, that's all."

"I can bear every thing better than that," rejoined Mrs. Bennet. "What would our friends in Maryland think if they should ever find out that Tom Bennet was advertised as a runaway, and six cents offered as reward for a white boy when they give fifty dollars and more for a black one!"

"Tut," said Nancy, "that's nothing; nobody 'll think nothing about it. A nine days' wonder, as I said before, that's all. Tom 'll come back after awhile, you see he will, may-be looking like a gentleman. I always thought you were come of decent people, for all you did come from Murland; we never counted you and Tom for *furriers*, we did n't, but we never cared for those Tompkinses, with their shampeters and penanny playin'. But, bless me, there is the stage horn ablowin'. I must go, for not a one at home can set a dish on the dinner-table, barrin' I'm to the fare," and the old woman having thus expended but by no means exhausted her sympathies, trundled off to superintend the setting down of the dinner prepared at the "*Black Bare*" for the stage passengers.

We do not know whether or not our readers remember Nancy Cadman, to whom we introduced them some months ago at the first picnic of Dumpling Hill, where she played a conspicuous part as presiding chief cook over the festivities.

Time brings changes to all, sometimes darkening the prospects of the hitherto prosperous, and making life dim; at others opening new flowers of pleasure, and strewing them on the way of those whose lot was considered most lowly. And as he urged on his flight the once monotonous routine of the community at Dumpling Hill was gradually being lost in the increasing bustle of the growing village, that in its rapid progress was assuming an importance which threatened a total eclipse to the former rustic aristocracy.

At the time of the first picnic our readers may remember that the Joneses and Morgans were in the ascendant; but now they had experienced many changes; they had had bereavements, losses, and disappointments, which robbed life of its once beautiful luster, and convinced them that all of human glory is "vanity and vexation of spirit." To our friend Nancy, however, time had been more lenient. She, too, had experienced bereavement in the loss of her husband and one of her sons, but then she consoled herself with the thought that her "old man" was old and so terribly plagued with the rummytiz that it was better he was taken away from "sitch sufferin'." She grieved rather more for her boy, but that sorrow also soon grew dim in the brightness of dawning prosperity.

In the rapid growth of the village, and in order to the regular arrangement of its streets, more ground was necessary than the projectors had calculated upon on its first being laid out. Nancy's little cabin and "patch," as she called her garden, coming exactly in the middle of a street, the company found it necessary to purchase, and, offering her a good price, she exchanged the honor of being a "landed proprietor" for the perhaps greater one of being considered a "moneyed person."

A large and good-looking house designed for the hotel was built on the lot, where her son, James Cadman, was soon after installed as landlord, and Nancy, whose reputation as a cook was unrivaled, as landlady. Here, as she often declared, she felt herself quite at home, as she was still on her own land, and it must be confessed that, according to the primitive notions of those days, she acted her part well. She was certainly not spoiled by her rise in life; she assumed no airs, was still the kind and sympathizing neighbor, watched with the sick, comforted the mourning, and was the friend of all the little clodpates of the village, whom she scolded and cuffed even while she fed them with dainty little "turnovers," which, in the parlance of those days, meant half-moon pies.

For a long time "the hotel" remained without a sign; indeed, none was necessary, for Nancy's good suppers were far-famed, and enticed many a sleighing-party from different neighborhoods to patronize her groaning board. True, the guests sometimes laughed at the profusion and the order in which the dishes were arranged; but what if, as far as regularity was concerned, they looked as if they might have been rained down from the clouds, or that a turkey neighbored sociably with a pound cake, or a piled-up dish of sausages was in close companionship with a pie, or a bowl of whipt cream found itself beside a

plate of pickles, all the viands being good in themselves did not taste any the worse for being found out of their places, as was generally proved by the rapidity with which they disappeared.

Nancy in her younger days had been considered high-tempered, but prosperity had smoothed away many roughnesses of her character; only once since her elevation had she been scared out of her present propriety, shown any symptom of her early irascibility, or love of what she termed "aggravatin'." This was on the occasion of her son's marriage, which occurred only two years previous to the date of our story, and was greatly dreaded by her as threatening the downfall of her own rule. When informed by James himself of the fact that on a certain day he would bring his bride home, and had invited a party to meet them there, he added, "Now, mother, please have every thing nice. The new sign is to be put up to-morrow, and I want every thing to be in apple-pie order. Promise me you'll have it attended to."

"That I will, Jim," she replied; "I am not so *foolish* as to have people talking about me starvin' them at an infare."

She was as good as her word. The sign was hung out from the limb of the large oak that shaded the front; the house was scrubbed and whitewashed from the garret to the cellar, and a most unexceptionable dinner prepared.

But, strange to tell, although it was Summer-time, the large, old-fashioned ten-plate stoves were all left standing as in the Winter in the middle of the floors, with their long pipes extending across into the chimney, and when the young bride entered the parlor where her mother-in-law waited to receive her she saw nothing but those huge fabrics of iron, white-washed within and without, pipe and all, and heard nothing but peals of laughter from the guests. Nancy, however, had no triumph; poor James was mortified, and blushed deeply, but Lizzie greeted her new mother-in-law as though she thought no insult was intended, but that it was, perhaps, a customary proceeding.

Forbearance always brings its own reward. Nancy was won over at once, and as the young wife never interfered in the province where she was so well calculated to rule, they lived most amicably together, and, declaring that her daughter-in-law was a perfect paragon of perfection, never again perpetrated such another covert insult.

As we have already stated, the Canterton Hotel for a long time could boast no sign. A long trough hollowed out of the trunk of a tree and placed in front of the house, indicated to weary

wayfarers that oats could here be obtained for horses as well as provender for man, and was a very desirable signification, for the next stage was a long one. The landlord, ruling supreme in his vocation, and dreading no rivalry, was perfectly contented with this emblematic manner of answering what was his business, and never once thought of having a sign.

One day, however, a young man arrived at the hotel, who inquired of the landlord if he thought "he might stand a chance to get in for clerk at one of them factories," and proposed to remain as a boarder till a vacancy should offer. He did so; no business offered, and the landlord grew rather uneasy about his money. At length he plucked up courage to ask for it, and to his amazement learned that his boarder had no money, but in place of the expected payment would paint a sign. He did so, and we well remember the day when the new sign was elevated to its perch in the great oak-tree beside the porch, and can truly declare we thought the rude oats-trough the better advertisement of the two; the latter was sufficiently suggestive, the other needed explanation. A black—something, not unlike a stump, was painted on a board, with the words "*This is the Black Bare*" above, and a promise of "Entertainment for Man and Hors" below, made it altogether significant that at the Black Bear Hotel every thing requisite for the comfort of the animals specified was to be had for money.

In our character, however, of truth-teller we must declare to our readers that the singular spelling on this sign, and on another above a door opposite, did not remain very long to furnish amusement for the laughter-loving. The course of our story will show how both were deprived of the ridiculous portion, while useful emblems remained till nearly obliterated by time and the weather.

CHAPTER II.

Among the "furriners" who came to make a settlement in the new village was a small, pale, delicate woman, whose appearance by no means corresponded with her present fortunes. She was a widow, with an only son, at the time of her arrival a child of five or six years old, whom she regarded as the apple of her eye, yet strange to tell, she did not spoil. Silent, unobtrusive, yet always pleasant and obliging, she became a general favorite with every one, but especially with Nancy. She kept her foot from her neighbor's house, rarely stepping over her own threshold, except to go to church, never expressed her opinion of folks around her, nor meddled in the village gossip, but staid at home, attended to her

business, which was the humble one of selling cakes, and endeavored to "train up her child in the way he should go," both by precept and example. Her appearance was lady-like, although she was by no means an intellectual person; nature might have been kinder in the bestowment of mental gifts, but education had not lent her aid in fastening them into maturity. She rented a little log cottage directly opposite the "Black Bare," and the same artist who furnished that recondite sign delineated the typical notice of her occupation on a board, which was placed above her door, and with the emblems only left for explanation, remained there for many a day after she had left the village. It represented some brown squares, a heart, a cork-screw, and a black bottle, which, never exhausted, was continually pouring into a something, likely meant for a tumbler, but any thing enigmatical, conveyed by the pictured figures intended as representatives of a baker's establishment, was made perfectly plain by the explicit announcement that "Kecks and Bere" were "Sold Hear."* Many advised her to take the "ill-spelled thing down," for every body that went along the road laughed at it, but others judged that its very original orthography would prove her "best card," and begged her to let it remain, which she did, perhaps more from indifference and dislike of trouble than from motives of interest.

"Why, neighbor Bennet," said Nancy, "I would n't take it down, it does well enough when it tells the folks that you keep cakes; but these furriners like to make a fuss."

So the sign kept its place; the widow's cakes were proverbially good; the villagers became so accustomed to the queer spelling that they ceased to notice it, and the stage passengers, peddlers, or travelers, if they still laughed, what matter? Mrs. Bennet did not hear them, and if she had done so would not have cared. They bought her cakes, and that was all she wanted of them.

What had been her condition before her coming to the village none knew; she was very silent always, and gave no clew by which the public curiosity could be satisfied. She was altogether uneducated—save in Scriptural lore—that was very evident. Her husband had been an intemperate man, and was dead, was also well known, but whether she had relatives or friends no one

*Our readers must not deem this an exaggeration, but remember that the tale we are telling is one of times long ago. Fifty years since education was by no means within the reach of every one as it is at the present, and the writer has seen many a sign-board in those primitive times with spelling quite as imperfect.

could tell; she never spoke of any, and none ever came to visit her.

Tom was her great comfort, even while still so much of a child as to require a great deal of her time. Entirely dependent on the profits of her humble calling, she kept no assistant, but, although delicate and in rather feeble health, she performed every domestic duty with her own hands, and every person wondered how she kept every thing about her so scrupulously neat, for her little log tenement was never seen out of order on any occasion.

Tom was not a pretty child, that is, what is considered a pretty child, and as he grew to boyhood his appearance was even less prepossessing. His person was slender, and so loosely built that his limbs seemed hung together; his complexion was sallow; his hair, long and black, fell in straight locks around his head, and most persons thought and called him an ugly boy. His dress, too, was by no means calculated to aid in making a better impression; he was indeed never seen ragged or dirty—thanks to the thrift of his mother—but the poor lad's clothes never fitted him, for at first they were made too large, so that he might grow to them—a feat accomplished in so short a time that it was scarcely noticed that they set well till he had grown far beyond them. But with all these disadvantages the bare-legged boy—he hardly knew the luxury of wearing shoes—had not a low or groveling appearance. Patch upon patch appeared upon his knees and elbows; nothing better than a coarse straw hat ever covered his head, but a pair of magnificent dark eyes looked forth from under the heavy dark brows, and when he smiled, which, however, was not often, the parting of his lips disclosed a set of teeth truly to be envied, and his sallow face lighted up with a brilliancy seldom equaled.

Very close was the bond of affection between the widow and her orphan boy. Tom never was so happy as when in her presence, and while still a child was of great use in helping her to perform her domestic duties, or run on such errands as he could. He cared little for the company of other boys of his own age; preferring his home, he avoided society, and thus escaped many a temptation to join in pranks which at first called boyish are very trivial, but unhappily are prelude to greater ventures, and at length lead to ruin.

Mrs. Bennet, partly to save him from the danger of bad example, and partly because she could not do without him, little as he was, undertook the task of teaching him the rudiments of education. She was very deficient herself, but she could teach him the alphabet, and how to read, some

little writing, and enough of arithmetic to know how to change a dollar; but with this slight foundation, on which, however, many a great literary structure has been based, she taught him a better lore than can be learned from books alone. She told him tales of how the poor and lowly had risen by their virtue and goodness; that perseverance could overcome all obstacles; that it was only for man to act his part well in the sphere where his Maker had placed him to insure honor to himself in that place, and that there is no sphere so low or limited but that usefulness may adorn it. And besides this she taught him daily from one Book, the precepts of which are so plain that "he who runs may read, and the wayfaring man, though a fool, can not err therein," and its beautiful lessons of gentleness, forbearance, charity, and love thus became early and deeply impressed upon his plastic heart. He was bid to study the life of the one great example, whose law was that of love, whose practice was forbearance and mercy. "If thy brother offend thee, forgive him, not seven times only, but seventy times seven," and "love ye your enemies, and do good and lend, hoping for nothing again;" "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

Such was our hero's training from his earliest infancy, and so entirely different from that of worldly schools that many now wonder he did not turn out a tame, spiritless fellow. But time is the test of all things, and the time was fast approaching when its efficacy was to be tried. Besides this teaching from his humble and pious mother he had another, from whose silent influence much is to be gained. Nature, also, "wisest, gentlest, holiest of teachers"—nature was also with him in his childhood. Separated from childish companionship by the petty persecution he was constantly subjected to from the village boys, he kept much by himself, and, loving solitude, he learned to think, grew self-reliant, and never felt the want of amusement. To sit angling quietly by the brookside, or, taking his dog, roam forth into the copses and dingles of this beautiful neighborhood was enjoyment enough for him. These were not, however, errands of idleness; by the first he added to their frugal table, by the last he gathered stores of Winter wood for his mother.

Thus was his character gradually forming, and by such quiet lessons was he being prepared for the stern experience ever found in the great battle of life; thus was he to be fortified against the jarring elements of strife which every one is sure to encounter in the turmoil of society. The mockery of the ignorant, the taunt of envy, the

bitter and malignant tongue that speaks daggers where it dares not use them, and "wounds where it would be afraid to kill;" these were all to be met. And who has not, at least in some measure, experienced those trials, for it is impossible to walk the most obscure and unfrequented paths which lead to man's final destination without finding them every-where hidden away amid the verdure and beauty which, in the mercy and goodness of God, more or less adorn life, as the surmounting such obstacles is only obtained by first conquering self, which, according to the word of truth, constitutes the truest heroism.

What education, therefore, could better prepare one for the struggles so certainly to be met than the one which Tom had received? The lessons of the highest schools of learning often fail in this respect, the teachings from the Word of God never. Very different, therefore, were the views of this humble parent from those of many others who train their children to a belief that "to show a proper degree of spirit is right," and it is considered "mean to suffer one's self to be crowded or imposed upon;" this is certainly not the spirit inculcated by the great Lawgiver whose whole life was a practical comment on the lessons he taught. Every one knows that the return of anger for anger, reviling for reviling, or a blow for a blow is the first natural impulse; thus fightings arise among children who associate together, hatred and jealousy become deeply rooted, and enmities are engendered which often continue through life. A late writer gives the following advice to boys; he says, "Boys will quarrel, and when they quarrel will sometimes fight, but as to fighting keep out of it if you can by all means. When the time comes, if it ever should, that you have to say 'yes' or 'no' to a challenge to fight, say 'no' if you can, only take care you make it clear to yourselves why you say 'no.' It is a proof of the highest courage if done from true Christian motives."

MORNING MISTS.

BY MARION A. BIGELOW.

DIMMING vapors slowly rise,
Curtaining the earth and skies,
But the sun still keeps his way
Where these vapors never stray,
Shining clear to other eyes
While our land in shadow lies.
Thus the light of truth may be
Lost in dim obscurity;
Thus before the Christian's eye
All things may in darkness lie;
Still the sun is shining bright
Far beyond our misty sight.

MY WISH.

BY MAGGIE B. STEWART.

I've been dreaming, dreaming, Mary,
At this quiet hour of even,
When Night draws her starry mantle
O'er the sweet, blue face of heaven.
And I seem to see thee standing
On life's sunny morning slope,
Sunshine all about thy pathway,
While before thee gentle Hope
Smiles and beckons thee to follow,
Swift along a flower-strewn way,
While bright Fancy paints thy future,
Pencil dipt in rainbow ray.
Poets sing in sweetest measure
Of the joy the future brings,
All forgetful of the sorrow
Underlying brightest things;
That, although at first dawn lovely,
Day, with promise fair, is born,
Yet ere night may die in tempest,
That the rose-leaves hide a thorn!
Yet I would not o'er thy spirit
E'en a shade of sorrow cast;
Look thou back as rarest treasures
To thy hours already past;
Look thou forward to the future
Years that our dear God may give;
Use each reverently as coming
From his hand and truly live.
Then e'en stormy skies will brighten,
And "at evening time be light;"
Tho' each Summer's roses wither,
Newer blooms will be as bright.
Thorns and clouds are gracious blessings
Sent by God's unerring love;
We shall bless his loving purpose
When we reach our home above.
May thy life be bright and peaceful,
Death come late and griefs be few;
And may God forever keep thee
Thus "unspotted, pure, and true!"

TO THE WEARY CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

BY WM. H. COOK, M. D.

"Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." JOSHUA 1, 9.

Up, drooping soul, shake off thy fear;
With notes of gladness fill thy song;
Renew thy heart with heav'nly cheer,
For Israel's God would have thee strong.
With courage thy temptations meet,
Trusting thy Savior's watchful care;
Thy burdens bring to Jesus' feet,
And find a ready helper there.
Through fiercest storm and darkest night,
By peril tossed or anguish driven,
The Lord of hosts and God of might
Will bring thee safely home to heaven.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

THE PRODIGAL SON, OR SIX SCENES BY AN ARTIST.—
"A certain man had two sons," etc. Luke xv, 11-32.

In this master-piece of Christ's parabolical painting, there are six scenes which, were I an artist, I would throw upon the canvas in such forms of breathing life as would stir the souls of future men with emotions, kindred to those which the heavenly Teacher designed to awaken. My first picture should be: *The young man discontented with his father's home.* He is standing with unbecoming mien and irreverent look before his aged sire, and saying, "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." My second picture should be: *The young man departing from his father's house.* His goods he has "gathered all together;" they are slung on his shoulders; he has left the house and has commenced his way into a "far country;" and yet, looking back, every now and then, with the countenance of a soul struggling between the right and the wrong. My third picture would be: *The young man far away from his father's home.* In this "far country" I should have to depict him in at least four aspects: First, "rioting" in pleasure, then beginning "to be in want," then becoming the slave of a foreign "citizen," then feeding with "the swine." My fourth picture would be: *The young man occupied in thinking of his father's home.* In this state I should portray him sitting down, an emaciated man, under some old hedge in some rustic scene, his withered hand under his head, coming to himself; thought returning, his eyes beginning to dilate with feeling and to moisten with tears, as he puts the question to himself, "How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!" My fifth picture would be: *The young man returning to his father's home.* "He arose and came to his father," etc. Here we should have to represent him with trembling limbs, that had lost their strength through sensual indulgences and lack of food; eyes flooded with penitential sorrow, a heart heaving with mingled hope and fear, wending his lonely way toward his father's house. But in this picture I would not fail to introduce a scene the most divine and touching of all. The dear old father seeing him in the distance, running, with his aged limbs made lithe with love, to meet him, while yet he was "a great way off," approaching him, and with speechless affection falling on his neck and kissing him. My sixth picture would be: *The young man reinstated in his father's home.* He sits down at a splendid feast, adorned in honorable attire, amid the overflowing of a father's joy.

THE WHITE ANTS EATING UP THE GOD.—"The head of Dagon, and both the palms of his hands, were cut off
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upon the threshold: only the stump of Dagon was left to him." 1 Samuel v, 4.

A missionary in the East Indies passed a place which had fallen into decay, although it had been the dwelling-place of a god, where, during the last dry season, a buffalo had been sacrificed for obtaining rain. The missionary inquired after the god, of which nothing remained, and was answered by the people, that "the white ants had eaten him." This savors of the ludicrous to us. But how often have the "white ants" of riches, pride, pleasure, worldliness eaten God and religion from the heart?

EATING ONLY HERBS.—"For one believeth that he may eat all things; another, who is weak, eateth herbs." Romans xiv, 2.

Thousands of Hindoos never—to their knowledge—taste of any thing which has had animal life; and to eat an egg would be as repugnant to their feelings as to eat flesh, because it contains the germ of life. They live on herbs, roots, fruit, grain, milk, butter, and honey. They appear to be as strong and as healthy as those who live on flesh, and they avoid the "sin" of taking life. They believe that all who take life for the purpose of food will assuredly go to one of the seven hells. It has a distressing effect on their minds to show them, through a microscope, the animalcules which exist in the water they drink; for they are convinced by this they must often destroy life.

YE ARE THE PEOPLE, AND WISDOM SHALL DIE WITH YOU.—"No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." Job xii, 2.

The people of the East take great pleasure in irony, and some of their satirical sayings are very cutting. When a sage intimates that he has superior wisdom, or when he is disposed to rally another for his meager attainments, he says, "Yes, yes, you are the man!" "Your wisdom is like the sea." "You found it in dreams." "When you die, whither will wisdom go?" "You have all wisdom!" "When gone, alas, what will become of wisdom?" "O the Nyani! O the philosopher!"

PLANTING FOR THOSE WHO SHALL COME AFTER US.—
"Of the vineyards and olive-yards which you planted not do ye eat." Joshua xxv, 14.

A very poor and aged man, busied in planting and grafting an apple-tree, was rudely interrupted by this interrogation: "Why do you plant trees who can not hope to eat the fruit of them?" He raised himself up, and, leaning upon his spade, replied, "Some one planted trees before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit; I

now plant for others, that the memorial of my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone."

DO YOUR CHILDREN MAKE THEMSELVES VILE?—*"His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not."* 1 Samuel iii, 13.

A gentleman once observed an Indian standing at a window looking into a field where several children were at play. The gentleman asked the interpreter what was the conversation. He answered, "The Indian was lamenting the sad estate of those orphan children." The interpreter inquired of him why he thought them orphans? The Indian with great earnestness replied, "Is not this the day on which you told me the white people worship the Great Spirit? If so, surely these children, if they had parents, or any persons to take care of them, would not be suffered to be out there playing and making such a noise! No! no! they have lost their fathers and mothers, and have no one to take care of them!" A hint to some Christian parents.

WHAT I WAS AND WHERE I AM, is the quaint title of a quainter "penny letter tract," published in England. Will our readers take down their Bibles and read the references?

"Dear Reader,—I once resided with 2 Tim. iii, 4, and walked in Eph. ii, 2, and my continual conversation at that time is still recorded in Eph. ii, 3.

"I heard one day that an inheritance had been purchased for me, and a description of it reached me; you will find it at 1 Peter i, 4.

"One who resides in Heb. iv, 14, had purchased it, and paid an extraordinary price for it; but, to say the truth, I did not believe this report, as I was entirely unacquainted with the MAN, and long experience had convinced me that strangers NEVER gave favors through love alone, and friends seldom gave any favors that cost much.

"However, I called at 1 Tim. iii, 16, as my own prospects at Eph. ii, 12, were as bad as they could be.

"I found the house I sought for at 2 Cor. vi, 1, and the invitations to it, which you will see put up at Isa.

lv, 1, 2, and by John at vii, 37, are wonderfully inviting to the poor and needy.

"The house has only one door, and it was some time before I saw the door at John x, 9.

"My permanent address will now be Gal. v, 1, but call any day at Heb. iv, 16, you will meet me and many others; we are daily in the habit of meeting there.

"If you call, attend to what the servant says at Luke xiv, 22, and you may **DEPEND** upon what that servant says."

THE SHEW-DISH, OR WALKING IN A VAIN SHOW.—Inspecting a shew-dish, which had been made to adorn the table at a coming banquet, Gotthold began: The world still cherishes her ancient tastes and seeks enjoyment in vanity. Right well does she know that such a dish as this is a mere painted figure of wood, wax, and other materials; and, except for the pains and labor that have been spent upon it, worth little or nothing. And yet she fancies that she is specially honored and entertained when so worthless a thing is served up and presented for a while to her view. We have another instance of this in paintings. I have seen the picture of a monk—of an old, wrinkled woman—of a beggar with tattered clothes—purchased for a hundred, nay, sometimes for more than a thousand dollars; and that by persons who would have scorned to waste a word upon a real monk, or so much as a look upon a real old woman, and would not have given an actual living beggar a penny to keep him alive. It thus appears that man is not only pleased to be deceived by a skillful hand, but even rewards the deceptive art with large sums of money. *Surely every man walketh in a vain show.* What is their pleasure? Vanity. What their skill? Deception. What their honor? Folly.

My God! the beautiful firmament—the work of thy fingers—shall be my shew-dish, and the crucified Jesus my picture. In the former, I contemplate what thy hand has prepared for our felicity; in the latter, the means by which that felicity may be attained. Away with all that is vain; my only wish is for a blessed eternity.

Falls and Curriss.

FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE OHIO.—The first steamboat on the Ohio River was built at Pittsburg, intended for the Pittsburg and New Orleans trade, and called the Orleans. She was built after the fashion of a ship, with port-holes in the sides—long bowsprit—painted a sky-blue. Her cabin was in the hold. She left in November, 1811, for New Orleans, and made a trip down in safety, but was never able to get back over the Falls, her power being insufficient to propel her against a strong current. She continued to run below the Falls for some time.

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.—In the reign of the first James, or, rather, toward its close, when Shakspeare had just left the stage of life, Cromwell having not yet emerged from the Brew-house at Huntington; Milton, at college pursuing his studies, and many of the copat-

riots of these men yet undistinguished—the first English newspaper appeared in London. Prior to that time a man named Nathaniel Butter had been employed to write letters, containing the news of the city, to country gentlemen. Several of these writers made their living in this way, each endeavoring to obtain as many "patrons" as he could. Butter, however, conceived the idea of monopolizing, or at least extending the business so as to render it more lucrative, and on the 23d of May, 1622, "printed" his weekly letter and dispatched it to his country "patrons" under the name of "Weekly News." He endeavored to sell copies of it in London, but met with poor success; was ridiculed by the wits as the "penny press" has been in our day, and soon afterward Ben Johnson produced a comedy called "Ye Staple of News," in which his cutting satire is leveled at the new enterprise. Butter bravely con-

tended against the storm, but with a success that was only profitable, as it is frequently the case, to his successors.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.—Munich has seventeen public libraries, into every one of which strangers unquestioned may enter, peruse, and depart in peace. Of these institutions, the most celebrated are lending libraries. Statistics preach where Sermon does not lift its voice. These are its words: In London there are in round numbers 500,000 volumes accessible to the public, or about an average of twenty-two volumes to every one hundred inhabitants. Dublin, with all its deficiencies, has fifty-nine. In Paris, the proportion is one hundred and sixty volumes to every one hundred inhabitants; in Berlin, one hundred and eighty-two; in Florence, three hundred and seventeen; in Copenhagen, four hundred and sixty-seven; in Dresden, four hundred and ninety; in Munich, seven hundred and eighty. So that Paris is six times better provided than London; Berlin, seven times; Florence, thirteen times; Copenhagen, nineteen times; Dresden, twenty times; and Munich, thirty-one times.

A BEAUTIFUL SIGNIFICATION.—"Alabama" signifies, in the Indian language, "here we rest!" A story is told of a tribe of Indians who fled from a relentless foe to the trackless forest in the South-West. Weary and travel-worn, they reached a noble river, which flowed through a beautiful country. The chieftain of the band stuck his tent-pole in the ground and exclaimed: "Alabama! Alabama!"—here we rest! here we rest!

ANCIENT PRICES FOR LABOR.—In the year 1352, in the reign of Edward III, wages paid to hay-makers were 1d. a day. A mower of meadows 3d. a day, or 5d. an acre. Reapers of corn in the first week in August, 2d.; in the second, 3d., and so on till the end of August, without meat, drink, or other allowances, finding their own tools. For thrashing a quarter of wheat or rye, 2½d.; a quarter of barley, beans, peas, and oats, 1½d. A master carpenter, 3d. a day, and other carpenters, 2d. A master mason, 4d. a day; and other masons, 4d.; and their servants, 1½d.

CHANGES IN PROPER NAMES.—Not to mention the Delarues that, by translation, become Streets, the Duponceaus that become Bridgewater, the Zimmermans that become Carpenters, there are very many conversions of names which will afford infinite amusement to any who will hunt up the curious learning to be found on this subject in books. Thus an astute French critic is said to have built up a tolerably ingenious theory that Shakspeare was of French origin, asserting that his name was only a corruption of Jaques Pierre. No two names would appear to be more unlike, at first sight, than Kemble and Fairfield. Yet we are told that they are really the same. The original form was the Italian Campo Bello, the French converted it into Beauchamp, in Scotland it was Campbell, and in Wales, Kemble. But in England proper, at least one-half who bore the name rendered the French literally, Fair-field; while others, by a cockney corruption, wrote it Beacham or Beechum. In the same way the Pettits, the Smalls, and the Littles all belong to the same stock.

But the most whimsical story, connected with a change of names, we have ever met with, is that narrated by

Mr. Livingston in his admirable answer to Mr. Jefferson concerning the *batture* case at New Orleans. An unfortunate Scotchman, he informs us, whose name was Ferguson, was obliged, in pursuit of fortune, to settle among some Germans in the western part of New York. They translated him literally into German, and called him Fuerstein. On his return to an English settlement, his new acquaintances discovered that Fuerstein in German means Flint in English. They retranslated instead of restoring him his name, and the descendants of Ferguson go by the name of Flint to this day. The only exception is presented in one of his grandsons, who settled at the Acadian Coast on the Mississippi, whose name underwent the fate of the rest of his family; he was called, by a literal translation into French, "*Pierre a fusil*," and his eldest son returning to the family clan, underwent another change, and was called Peter Gun.

ST. PAUL'S FIGHTING WITH BEASTS.—Did St. Paul ever actually fight with beasts? In the First Epistle to the Corinthians he says, "If, after the manner of men, I have fought with beasts at Ephesus." The expression in this passage is considered merely figurative. Theophylact explains the *θηρμαχίαν* fighting with wild beasts, as the apostle's contest with Demetrius and the Jews. Doddridge considers the passage as purely figurative, as did Ignatius. Lucian also, speaking of the philosophers, says: "For I am not to fight with ordinary wild beasts, but with men insolent and hard to be convinced."

PIE OPENED.—Our readers will recall the old melody of their childish days:

"Sing a song of sixpence,
A bag full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
And was not this a dainty dish
To set before a king?"

The author of this ancient nursery ditty is unknown, but it is literally and historically true.

Queen Elizabeth was the guest, when a large pie was placed on the table; from which, when opened, flew a covey of birds, to the amazement of her. And the celebrated Geoffrey Hudson, a dwarf, was served up in a cold pie by the Duchess of Buckingham, when she entertained Charles I and his queen. T. A.

CHARADE.—Here is a charade by W. Mackworth Praed, which is said never to have been solved:

I graced Don Pedro's revelry,
All dressed in fire and feather,
When Cavaliers and Chivalry
Were met to feast together;
He flung the slave who moved the lid
A purse of maravedis;
And this the gallant Spaniard did
For me and for the ladies.

To ride through mountains where my First
A banquet would be reckoned;
Though deserts where to quench their thirst,
Man vainly turns my Second:
To leave the gates of fair Madrid
To dare the gates of Hades;
And this that gallant Spaniard did
For me and for the ladies.

Boys and Girls' Department.

KIT SNYDER, THE AMERICAN BOY-PATRIOT.

EIGHTY-SIX years ago a quarrel arose between the English Government and the English colonies of America. The greater part of this country then belonged to the King of England, for the colonists had not asserted their independence, nor set up the United States. The quarrel began about taxation. The Americans refused to pay certain taxes imposed by the British Parliament, and, on this account, were treated as rebels, and driven into open revolt—a rebellion ending in the revolution which entirely disunited the best part of America from England, and established the separate form of republican government. The following story refers to the period immediately preceding the rebellion. The tax on tea was the question agitating the public mind. As yet no blood was split. How the revolution was begun is told in the story—a story which is quite true in every essential particular.

THE STORY.

"Not a drop more tea will I drink," said the widow Snyder. "The Britishers do n't know us colonists yet, but they must e'en learn the lesson—if they smart in the learning it, eh, Kit?"

The widow Snyder was talking partly to herself and partly to her son, a bright-eyed, curly-headed boy, with that merry twinkle about the lips and that glitter in the eyes which showed him to be a boy of spirit. He sat at one side of a blazing pine fire, and his widowed mother sat on the other, and a great tabby cat sat between them singing, and a huge black kettle joined the song, and altogether things looked comfortable.

"I say," says Kit, "not a drop more tea for me. We cost England nothing; why should England tax us? we plow and sow, and the British reap. It ain't the thing, and it can't last."

"Not if we were all of my mind," said the widow; "and as sure as my name's Snyder they'll be sorry for what they are doing before long; they'll be like old Jonathan Scroggs."

"What did he do, mother?"

"Set fire to his log hut to warm his hands by."

"Ha! ha! that is it," said Kit; "they will burn their fingers as well as warm their hands. Now, puss, what are you singing about? I do believe that cat knows more than we think of; I am sure she will have nothing to do with taxed tea; will you, puss? No; you and I will eat porridge and drink milk, and sing together, puss—thus."

And the boy, taking the cat on his knee, sang in a rich, clear voice—

"Come swallow your bumpers, ye Tories, and roar
That the ways of fair freedom are hampered no more;
That no lawyer nor soldier our spirits can tame,
Nor whole hosts of enemies smother the flame."

"I say, mother, that's a brave song, is n't it? I learned it from my namesake."

"In freedom we're born, and the sons of the brave
Will never surrender,
But swear to defend her,
And scorn to survive, if unable to save."

"I have a handbill here that will please you mightily. Old Inkbill, the printer, set it up, but somebody said he would get into trouble if any body knew it, and he turned all as white as his own paper, and said he never thought of that, and would have them destroyed. But he did not destroy all. No—corn-cakes!—George Gore, jolly fellow, walked off with a few, and we pasted a couple right on the barracks, and another on Elder Dobb's door; here it is."

'MEN OF AMERICA!'

"Are you not schooled enough yet to spell Freedom—to

spell it in plain letters, if the British will allow—in blood red, if they will not?"

A MOHAWK."

"Blood-red, I fear me," said the widow, "will be the only color the Britishers will read it in, but it must be had."

"Must! of course it must," said Kit; "who's afraid to die for liberty?—why, mother," and putting down Tab he jumped on the stool he had been sitting on, and spread out his hands in an attitude—"mother, it makes me as eloquent as Orator Stump to think about liberty. Hear me," and in an inflated tone he went on—"Have corruption and depravity so debased our characters that we have sunk under the weight of the oppressor's hand, and become his abject, servile slaves? And we, with the free stars looking down on us; the free heaven above us; the free earth beneath us; the free winds breathing on us; the free waves beating on our shores; the free flowers smiling at us; the free birds singing to us—are we to lick the hand that smites us; to bow in passive obedience to the oppressor's mandate, and receive the fetters of perpetual bondage? O hear it, ye men of America! ye women of America! ye children of America! ye babies of America! Do n't lay you down in a mud-pool like a skunk; but—molasses and corn-cakes!—wake up, and be as lively as a 'possum in a gum-tree!"

The boy laughed merrily, and leaping lightly from the stool, burst out with, "Chorus, mother! chorus, puss!"

"Grand jurors, and sheriffs, and lawyers we'll spurn,
As judges we'll all take the bench in our turn,
And sit the whole term without pension or fee,
Nor Cushing nor Sewall look graver than we."

The widow smiled, but there was something very sorrowful in her smile, as she said—

"You scarcely know, Kit, how much sorrow and trouble may come on our unhappy country before the end is gained."

"We can sail no where, mother dear, in a dead calm," said the boy; "you know what Deacon Diaper says."

"What does he say?"

"That when the waters of Bethesda were troubled, there was healing in the troubling."

"And the Deacon says truly; but how many hearts may be broken before the healing time arrives!"

"And how many hearts," said the boy, "may be bound up when the healing time comes at last! Just fancy me a hero, mother, that has liberated my country, and that every body is looking up to and praising; and that when I am riding, as proud as an old Roman, through the streets, I stop before this very door; I get off my horse so, you meet me so at the door, I kneel down so, and say as I do now, 'Your blessing, mother, your blessing!'"

"God bless you, my boy. But suppose, instead of coming back in honor, you were brought back, white and cold as the snow outside, Kit, and I was widowed again in losing thee."

"Well, mother," said the boy softly, "you would know I had done right. I read at school the other day that when the Greeks went out to fight, their mothers used to present them with their shields, and say, 'Return to me with this, or upon this; conquer or die.'"

"There is time enough yet," said the widow, with a sorrowful look, "to think of thee in this war, my darling; you are too young to do much as yet."

"Not too young for a patriot, mother; not too young to love you because you are my mother, nor America because it is my country. Why, we are all patriots at school, mother. Last week we taught the king's troops that, I can tell you."

"How so, darling?"

"You know we are used to make little snow-hills in Winter time and slide down them to the pond on the common. The English soldiers, to provoke us, would, while we were in school, beat down our hills and spoil the slide. We grumbled to the

men and they laughed, and as soon as we built them they demolished them; so we determined to go to the captain and complain of the troops. The officer, a young fellow with a downy beard on his chin, made light of our complaint, and the soldiers became still more troublesome than ever; so George—he helped us in this—and I, and three or four others, went to General Gage, accosted him as he came out, laid our grievance before him, and he behaved right handsome. He told us we were brave, worthy fellows, and should not be molested, and that if any of the soldiers interfered again they should be punished. Then he said something, and the tears came into his eyes, about the greatness of that country where such noble children were found, saying if these were the sons, what might they expect of the fathers!"

"General Gage," said the widow, "is a noble-hearted man; and it would be well for the King of England if all the men who wear his livery were as pure in heart and motive."

As the widow spoke there was a slight tap at the door: her son started up, saying—

"That 's George! I know his knock in a dozen."

And when he opened the door, sure enough it was George. George Gore was a smart lad; 'prenticed to a barber, and a steady hand with the razor already. Like Kit Snyder, he was a great patriot, and was always vowing vengeance against the tyrants, and talking as if he alone could be the deliverer of his country.

"Good evening, Mrs. Snyder," says the boy; "I came to ask Kit's company for an hour at our place, for master's going off to frizzle Mrs. Farthingale's wig, and to shave the deacon, and 't is rather lonesome."

"Mother, may I go?" says Kit, in a tone that showed he was impatient for an affirmative.

"Promise me to be back at eight and you may," said the widow; "but 't is a raw, cold night, and you must mind your throat."

"I 'll mind," said Kit; "but, mother, you won't be lonely while I 'm away, eh?"

"No, dear," she answered, "do you go with George, and be back to your word, and I 'll knit, and Tab will sing, and the time will soon pass."

So Kit kissed his mother and went away with George. As he passed the window on the outside he tapped at the casement and nodded good humoredly, then off they went together straight ahead for the barber's shop.

Now the barber's shop looked very much as any other shop of the same sort. There was the glass, and the wash-stand, and towels. The bills about entertainments and thriving stores, the newspapers, the little fire, the bird—there is almost invariably a bird in a barber's shop—and the operating chair, if we may give so dignified a name to the lounging seat of people when clipped, or shaved, or curled, as the case might be. When the two boys entered, Snipsnap the proprietor was ready to depart, and many were the injunctions which he laid on his 'prentice before he finally started. At last he was off, and the boys sat down to talk over the news. To talk over the news was to talk politics, and many were the daring things they said about what should be done; things which would have made the gentlemen in British Parliament smile derisively if they had heard them, especially as they were uttered by a school-boy and a barber's 'prentice.

"You know Theophilus Lillie?" asked George Gore.

"What, the one-eyed man who sings Jubal through his nose at meeting?"

"Yes—well, he has taken to selling taxed tea."

"Old news," said Kit; "we heard all that at school two days ago."

"Then you know what happened yesterday?"

"Ah, that I do; why, 't was Bill Grove, and James Vokes, and Jack Dawson, big Griffiths, and I, that set up the notice. We stuck a great pole strong and deep in the ground, with a hand pointing to his shop, and the words painted on, 'Lillie sells taxed tea' nothing more nor less than that; but it made great fun, and every body talked about it, I assure you."

"Lillie says he will have it down."

"But he can't; some of our fellows are always on the watch—just let him try it, that 's all."

"His friend, Richardson, advises him to send for the military."

"His friend, Richardson, is a bigger rascal than himself—let him try; let them both try—let them send for all the British army. Hark!"

He stopped abruptly, for at that moment there was a great shout raised in the street, and both boys darted to the door to see what was the matter.

Two or three people were running down the middle of the street, and one of them Kit Snyder recognized as a school-fellow.

"Halloo, Grove," he roared, "what 's the matter?"

"Old Lillie 's trying to get the sign down."

Off sped Grove, and away went the boys after him, leaving the barber's shop to take care of itself. As soon as they turned the corner of the street the crowd was dense, chiefly boys and young men, all shouting, whistling shrilly, or laughing, while a stout, burly man was backing his wagon toward a shop, over which was written, "Lillie's British Store."

"Old Richardson has been trying to knock the notice down, but it 's firm still—firm as liberty-tree, hurrah!"

Jack Dawson it was who gave this explanation, and as he had climbed up the objectionable notice-post, he was able to address the crowd, as from a rostrum.

"Yes, old Richardson," he continued, "drove his broad-wheeled wagon right up against it, but it did not fall, and down it do n't come, boys, till all Lillie's taxed tea is strewn in Boston harbor."

"Rebel!" roared out Richardson from his wagon, "do n't you smell the hemp that shall teach you manners? If I had my way I'd first flog you all till you cried, 'God save the king,' and hang you afterward."

"Skunk! skunk!" shouted the crowd. "Who talks of flogging and hanging the free men of America? Here are our thanks, master!"

A whole shower of stones and sticks were hurled at the burly man, who with violent gestures got down from his vehicle, and escaped into Lillie's establishment.

Kit Snyder and his friend elbowed their way through the crowd toward the house, and soon were near enough to have a good view of the scene. It was a strange sight; the snow lay thick on the ground, and covered every roof, and lodged on every projection; the white roofs of the houses were marked out clearly against the sky; and the moon was shining calmly and brightly, making many a fantastic shadow on the earth. The windows of Lillie's house were lighted from within by the deep red glow of the Winter's fire, and the dark figures of the crowd outside were seen hurrying and wavering in a strangely dreamy way, while links or lanterns, here and there, brought out some of the figures more distinctly.

"What 's to be done now?" said Kit Snyder.

"I suppose nothing can be done," said his friend George;

"I hear the soldiers' drums, and the red coats will be here directly."

"What if they are?" said Kit; "we 'll let them see that school-boys' jackets are as good as soldiers' coats any day. Hurrah, boys!" he cried, "let us taste Lillie's tea before we go home! Beat the door in—hurrah!"

The shout was echoed, and boys and men—and women among the crowd—went pressing on. Just then one of the upper windows was thrown open and Lillie appeared.

"Hear me, good people!" he said, "hear me before you break the king's peace!"

"And your own head, master Jubal," cried Kit. "Throw out the tea."

"Ah, Master Snyder, is that you? Are you among the simple ones, void of understanding?"

"Open the door!" roared Kit.

"What is it you require?" said Lillie. "I 'll do any thing in reason—any thing consistent with law and order."

"We want the taxed tea," said Kit; "so hand it out at once."

"The tea!" said Lillie, as if he did not rightly understand; "what, the tea that good King George has sent us, the black tea, the green tea?"

"The gunpowder!" shouted the voice of the burly Richard-

son, and roughly pushing Lillie back, he stood at the window and leveled an old firelock at the crowd. "Gunpowder! and you shall have it, boys—so strong a dish you 'll never want more. One—two—three."

At the last word he fired; there was a bright flash, a loud report, a piercing cry, and the Winter's snow was red with blood. Kit Snyder had fallen. The crowd fell back; the sound of the soldiers' drums came nearer, the regular tramp, the shrill fife, and round the corner defiled a detachment of the guard.

Kit lay still as he had fallen. Two or three of his companions were bending over him, calling him by his name, raising his head, patting his hands; but they said he had fainted or was dead. As the guard came nearer, and the crowd stood back appalled, there was a shrill cry, and widow Snyder came rushing into the midst.

"My boy! my boy! they have killed him," she cried; and kneeling on the snow beside him, she pressed him to her breast.

"And has it come to this—and has it come to this—that they must stain the earth with children's blood? He was my son—my child—my brave boy—my Kit—the only son of his mother, and she was a widow!"

"My poor woman," said the officer of the guard, "perhaps it is not so bad as you suppose. Let your son be borne into yonder house where we may obtain surgical attention!"

"He is dead, sir—dead. I have seen death before, and I know he is dead. The child's blood cries out from the ground for vengeance!"

Then she rose up calmly, her face white as the snow.

"Will any one help me to carry my dead child home?" she

said very calmly. "No, sir," as the officer again tendered his assistance, "the red coats must not touch the boy! Perhaps some of his schoolmates will carry a companion who loved many of them so well. Kit said he would be home by eight, and so he shall. Thank you, children, thank you—Kit and I both thank you."

The boys lifted up the body and carried it away.

"Sir," said the widow, turning again to the officer, "you see that blood on the snow—it is the first blood shed in the cause of American freedom."

Then she followed the body of her son to her rifled home.

Richardson, the man who shot Kit Snyder, was arrested and tried for murder, found guilty, but was granted a free pardon by the British authorities.

The murder of the boy raised a great sensation throughout the country. His coffin was covered with inscriptions such as, "Innocence itself is not safe." It was taken to one of those popular places of resort known as Liberty Trees, where great crowds assembled and followed it to the grave. In that procession about six hundred boys and fifteen hundred adults joined. His coffin was borne by six of his schoolmates, all the bells were tolled, all the shops were closed, and his name was rendered famous as the first martyr in the cause of American liberty.

The gray hairs of his mother were soon laid by her son in the grave, and the story of the events that followed is so familiar that it is unnecessary to dwell on it here. America demanded her freedom—struggled for it—fought for it—bled for it—attained it. The independence of the United States of America was acknowledged, and this great country was free.

Musing Gleanings.

TRUTH ABOUT DEATH.—The common mode of discoursing on this subject, so interesting to every one of us, is so stilted and over our heads, that we are glad to hear Common Sense have his say about it. Thus sensibly and wisely writes some able man in an English review:

It is a great thing, unutterably awful and thrilling—when, for the first time in our lives, Death, the conqueror, makes himself known to us in all the majesty of his might and inexorableness. Every day the newspaper has its obituary; you are well aware that fifty people die in a minute; you have been in the habit of looking up at closed blinds in the street with some sort of awe; and hatchments in the great squares have touched you as might a baronial ruin; a new-made grave has not been without a voice and a moral; funerals have intercepted your path in the thoroughfares; people have died next door to you. But even death next door is death afar off—a vague, distant terror, and not a darkly-awful presence. Stand—with suspended respiration and feverish temples—stand under the very flappings of his wings, as the inexorable stoops to breathe the last chill upon the forehead of some beloved one; feel that the solemn shadow in which you stand is deepening; kneel when the silver cord is snapped, kneel by a pale corpse in the hush of an hour before dawn, with no sound to be heard but the sobs of passionate mourners and the ticking of a clock—kneel, and say to God the "never more" of a bereaved heart, the "help, Lord, or I perish!" of a soul that is come into the deep waters: so stand, so kneel, so cry to the Lord of life, and you will know what death is, and what a celestial hope may rise at last, luminous and large, out of the blackness of horror in that word—**DEAD.** Says Wordsworth:

"A simple child—a simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?"

And it is beautifully said. But I was long, very long past the age of childhood, before I could bring myself to believe in dying. To this day I can with difficulty only, and by a direct mental effort, conceive even of one dangerously sick as dying—dead! So completely does actual, present life, even when faint and fluttering, keep its negation out of my sight. That the beautiful flame which lights up the eye, and glows in the touch, should ever go out!

"To die!
To lie in cold oblivion and to rot,
This terrible warm nation to become
A knotted clod!"

And other pulses to go on beating; and the stars to keep watch along the sky; and the south wind to ripple the rivers and stir the leaves of the trees; and little children to prattle and play; and the million-fold hum of life to wake anew every morning; and the round impassive heaven to be blue as ever—O it is strange, and was once stranger still to me!

WILKIE, THE PAINTER, OR HOW SUCCESS IS ATTAINED.—Be the pursuit what it may, success is mainly the result of an earnest, unwavering devotion to the end in view, and a use of all the means attainable in the accomplishment of that end. This is the history of all successful men, as well the dull and plodding, as those of higher genius. Neither skill in art, nor great intellectual power, comes by intuition. Both have their beginnings, and both grow by small, but steady accretions. No eminence in the world is gained, except by patient toiling and struggling upward. Young men, never forget this! A passage from the life of Wilkie, the painter, gives one of a thousand varied illustrations:

It is related by some who were Wilkie's fellow-students in Edinburgh, that the more restless of their number, when they

saw him musing much, or in a study, often tried to tease, but could never perplex, or put him out, as they said. He received all such interruptions with tranquillity of looks, and though they sometimes put their jokes into a practical form, he never remonstrated nor complained, but was resolved to overcome them by imperturbable good humor, as he seemed determined to conquer them in art by resolution and study. He was often in those days heard to say, but in an undertone, with Burns:

"Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk of carle-hemp in man."

And from this he never swerved nor shrunk. When his fellow-students followed him into his two-pair-of-stairs study in Nicholson-street, they found all in keeping, they said, with his demeanor in the Academy. The Bible, and The Gentle Shepherd, a sketch or two on the wall, a table, and a few chairs, with a fiddle, whose strings, when he grew tired with drawing, he touched to a favorite air, were the chief articles: neither lay-figures, covered with silk, nor easels of polished mahogany were there; a few brushes, and a few colors, and the pallet, made by his own hands, may be added. The fiddle was to him then, and long after, a useful instrument; its music, he said, not only soothed himself, but put his live models, who sat for his shepherds and husbandmen into the sort of humor which he desired; nay, he often pleased so much that one of them, an old, rough mendicant,

"Whose wallata before and behind did hang,"

to whom he had played a welcome air, refused the pence when offered, and strode down the stair, saying, "Hout! put up your pennies, man; I was e'en as glad o' the spring as you were!" he sometimes, too, in a land where living models of any other part save the head or hand are difficult to obtain for either love or money, made himself into his own model; and with a bared foot, a bared ankle, or a bared knee, would sit at the looking-glass till he confessed that he was almost benumbed by exposure. Nor did he desist when a friend knocked; he would say, "Come in," nor move from his posture, but deliberately explain his object, and continue to draw till he had made the sketch.

GLEANINGS FROM THE KALEIDOSCOPE.—From the choice selection of aphorisms and anecdotes by Catherine Sinclair we cull a few. They are equally suggestive and amusing:

I.

The observance of hospitality, even toward an enemy, is inculcated by a Hindoo author, with great elegance. "The sandal, too, imparts its fragrance even to the ax that hews it."

II.

Voltaire's definition of a physician is: "An unfortunate gentleman, expected every day to perform a miracle; namely, to reconcile health with intemperance."

III.

The last words of a good old man, Mr. Grimshaw, on his death-bed were these: "Here goes an unprofitable servant!"

IV.

If a straw, says Dryden, can be made the instrument of happiness, he is a wise man who does not despise it.

V.

When James II insisted very much on Lord ——'s changing his creed, he replied:

"Please, your Majesty, I am preëngaged!"

"How?"

"When last in Egypt, I promised the Pashaw if ever I changed my religion to become a Mohammedan."

VI.

Campfort said of the ancient government of France: "It is a monarchy tempered by songs!"

VII.

Lady Huntington, when dying, said: "I shall go to my father this night."

VIII.

When the rich miser Elwes, who left about a million of

money to be divided between his two sons, was advised to give them some education, his answer was: "Putting things into people's heads is taking out of their pockets."

IX.

It is not the height to which men are advanced that makes them giddy; it is the looking down with contempt upon those beneath.

X.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

XI.

Madam du Deffand said of her cat: "I love her exceedingly, because she is the most amiable creature in the world, but I trouble myself very little about the degree of affection she has for me. I should be very sorry to lose her, because I feel that I manage and perpetuate my pleasures, by employing my care to perpetuate her existence."

XII.

"A patriot is easily made," said Walpole. "It is but refusing an unreasonable demand, and up starts a patriot."

XIII.

Talleyrand, speaking of a well-known lady, said emphatically, "She is insufferable!" Then, as if relenting, he added, "But that is her only fault."

XIV.

Dr. Parr, when a boy at Harrow, had so very old a face for his age that one day his cotemporary, Sir William Jones, said, looking at him, "Parr, if you should have the good luck to live forty years, you may stand a chance of overtaking your face."

XV.

The Lord Chief Justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son, "Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune; marry, and spend his wife's; and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession."

XVI.

Pope, in his old age, said: "As much company as I have kept, and as much as I have it, I love reading better. I would rather be employed in reading than in the most agreeable conversation."

XVII.

When some one said to Horne Tooke, "The law is open to every one," he replied, "So is the London Tavern."

XVIII.

A man's life, says South, is an appendix to his heart.

XIX.

A chapter from "Horrebrow's Natural History of Iceland" concerning owls: "There are no owls in this Island."

XX.

A physician once boasted to Sir Henry Hallford, saying, "I was the first to discover the Asiatic cholera and communicate it to the public!"

XXI.

A saddler at Oxford having forgotten to which of his customers he had sold a saddle, desired his clerk to charge it in the bills of all his customers, and has afterward acknowledged that two and thirty of them paid for it.

XXII.

"No enjoyment," says Sydney Smith, "however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure."

TAKING THE MONEY OF HIS SUBJECTS.—When James the First proposed to some of his council this question, "Whether he might not take his subjects' money when he needed it for the affairs of his government, without all the formality of Parliament?" Bishop Neile replied, "God forbid you should not, for you are the breath of our nostrils." Bishop Andrews declined answering, saying, that he was not skilled in parliamentary questions; but upon the king's urging him, and saying that he would admit of no evasion, the Bishop replied, "Why, then, I think your Majesty may lawfully take my brother Neile's money, for he says you may."

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

AMERICAN IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.—The imports and exports of a country furnish a good index to its prosperity. If the latter exceed the former, the country is self-dependent, and its financial condition is good. The shipping register of a single port may be taken as a sort of guide in estimating the general ratio of arrivals from and clearances for foreign countries. It will be seen from the following statement that American exports preponderate over the imports. The number of vessels at the New York custom-house, from foreign ports, during the month of August, was 336, being 59 less than in the corresponding month of last year. The clearances for foreign ports were 422, being an increase of 76 over August, 1860.

LINEN MANUFACTURE IN IRELAND.—It appears from a paper read before the Social Science Congress, that the number of spindles in Ireland, running in the manufacture of flax, is 550,000, employing 27,000 people. One spindle produces about the same quantity of yarn which two women could do by the old process.

PROTESTANT EMANCIPATION IN FRANCE.—The French Court of Cassation, corresponding to the United States Supreme Court, has just decided that Protestants may lawfully educate their own children by the employment of private tutors. The right to do so has heretofore been denied by the ecclesiastical authorities, and two inferior courts gave decisions in favor of the latter. The dispute arose in the Department of Haute Vienne, whose people feel joyous over the victory, which is highly important for religious freedom in France.

RED AND PURPLE DYES.—The beautiful red and purple silks, which are now so fashionable throughout the civilized world, are colored with a substance which is extracted from coal tar, called mauve dye. The price in Paris of pure aniline violet, in powder, was stated to be from \$215 to \$326 per pound. The enormous value of this substance is owing to the fact that it not only produces a great variety of red and purple shades of exceeding delicacy and brilliancy, but these colors are also permanent.

BENEOL AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR TURPENTINE.—As turpentine has become scarce and high in price, owing to the supplies from North Carolina being cut off, the naphthaline oil obtained in the distillation of the petroleum of the oil wells in Pennsylvania, has been tried as a substitute in painting and found to answer well. It is now used in place of turpentine in the car works at Pittsburg, Penn. This is a new application in the arts, and a wider field has been opened for the sale of coal oil products.

INDIA COTTON.—By the Bombay Commercial Gazette of July 12th, it appears that 75,000 bales of cotton were shipped for Europe in three weeks ending July 10th, and that twenty-two ships were then loading for Europe at the low rate of 7s. 6d. per bale, or less than half a cent per pound. The shipments from Bombay to

England have been: For first five months of 1861, 537,631 bales; for first five months of 1860, 270,165 bales. In June and July the rate of shipment was increasing and would average at least 112,000 bales per month. In October the new crop would begin to arrive, and if the present rate of shipment continues, the export to England for the present year will exceed 1,300,000 bales.

A LONG TUNNEL.—A tunnel is in process of construction under the bed of the River Indus, in India. It is to be 7,215 feet long, and lighted by gas. The cost will be not less than \$2,500,000.

SPANISH FLEET.—Spain has twenty-seven paddle-wheel frigates, carrying one hundred and thirty guns; also six screw frigates, and thirty-three screw corvettes and gun-boats. There are at present being constructed in the Spanish dockyards ten screw frigates, two of them—the Numancia and the Tetuan—to be iron-cased.

ECONOMIZING OLD LEATHER.—A patent has lately been taken out in England by T. Gee, of Nottingham, for manufacturing a new article to be used for belting, the upper of shoes, and various other purposes for which pure leather has been hitherto employed. He first takes old boots and shoes, old harness, belts, etc., cuts them in small pieces, washes them thoroughly in water, and reduces them to a soft pulpy condition by soaking. After this he rolls them out between rollers, dries and mixes them with minute quantities of hemp or flax fiber. They are now intimately united together with a strong solution of glue or gutta percha, then rolled out into bands for belts, or pressed into molds for the uppers of shoes, or other articles designed to be manufactured from it. This is designed to be the conversion of what has been considered waste substances for useful purposes.

THE MEANINGS OF CORN.—In Scotland when the word corn is used it is universally understood to signify oats; in England it means wheat; and in the United States, maize.

A NEW VEGETABLE.—There has lately been exhibited, at several meetings of the Royal Horticultural Society, a new vegetable, which promises to become a permanent institution among kitchen garden crops. It is a cabbage in the form of Brussels sprouts. The stem is about a foot high, bearing on its summit a good-size hearted cabbage, of the ordinary character; but the stem is covered with small cabbages about the size of a small dessert apple, and these, when cooked, form an excellent dish, partaking of the flavor of a nice Summer cabbage, and without the strong Savoy flavor which distinguishes the Brussels sprouts.

DEEP MINES.—There is a coal mine in Cheshire, England, which is 2,504 feet deep. There is a copper mine in Cornwall 2,180 feet deep. Engines of several hundred horse-power are required to lift the minerals and pump such mines.

NEW SPECIES OF RYE.—A new species of rye, indigenous to California, and remarkable for the largeness, plumpness, and beauty of its grain, has been exhibited in Washington. Mr. Isaac Newton, the newly-appointed Superintendent of the Agricultural Bureau, connected with the Department of the Interior, has received a small supply of the grain, and will distribute it among the farmers in different parts of the country. Its yield is said to be very great, reaching, even on poor land, fifty bushels to the acre.

ANOTHER NEW ALKALI METAL.—While investigating the new metal *cæsium*, Bunsen has lately discovered another metal, which seems to resemble potassium as closely as *cæsium* does. It has a high atomic weight, its hydrate is deliquescent and highly caustic, its carbonate is strongly alkaline, and its nitrate anhydrous like nitrate of potassa, but, unlike that salt, its crystalline form is hexagonal. It was obtained from *lepidolite*.

POMPEIAN RELICS.—Some interesting relics have been recently dug up at Pompeii. Among these was a thick golden ring with a precious stone, bearing a figure of Hercules, armed with a club, and engraved by the artist Sonoles, a cotemporary of Augustus, and whose name is marked in minute letters. A full-size female head of bronze with glass eyes, and bronze inkstand with a lid, and a sponge inside, still in good preservation, were also discovered, with a number of coins and several curious buckles of gold.

A NEW TRADE.—A new branch of trade has just developed itself at Wilmington, Delaware, the results of which will, no doubt, tell upon the prosperity of that city. The lumber mills have been for a long time past, and are now, engaged in sawing lumber for the English ship-builders. The material worked is principally of the choicest oaks.

BINDING GRAIN BY MACHINERY.—This has been accomplished in Iowa. The band is of wire. The cost of wire sufficient to bind an acre of average grain is about fifteen cents.

OUR COINS AND FLAG.—The stars on the United States flag are five-pointed, while those on our coin are six-pointed. The explanation is that the designer of the flag followed the French heraldic language, and of the coin the English. In English heraldic language the star has six points. In France, Holland, and Germany it is five-pointed.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN LIBERIA.—A large and well-arranged substantial building has recently been put under roof at Monrovia for the Liberia College. This will soon be ready to go into operation, and will be patronized by the more advanced pupils of the public schools of the Republic, and by the children of intelligent and wealthy natives of the interior, and along the coast.

BUILDING FOR THE LONDON EXHIBITION.—The building which is now going up for the great Exhibition at London will have a cubical extent of 73,000,000 of cubic feet. The foundations have already consumed 5,000 tons of concrete, and on that will be laid 18,000,000 of bricks in 22,000 tons of mortar. Ten thousand

tuns each of timber and iron will be used in the structure, and for the windows no less than 108 miles' length of sashing will be used. The glaziers will use 500 tons of sheet glass and 50 tons of putty. Among the small items are between 200 and 300 tons of nails, 600 tons of paint, 300 tons of pipe, and so on.

WAR STATISTICS.—Austria, in time of war, has an army of 630,000, with a population of 35,000,000; Russia, 800,000, with a population of 72,000,000; France 515,000 soldiers to 36,000,000 population; Prussia, 375,000 in the army out of 18,000,000 population; Spain, 230,000, with a population of 15,000,000.

A FORMER CENTURY.—Some writer says that at the beginning of the fifteenth century mankind had looked neither to heaven nor earth, neither into the sea nor land, as has been done since. They had philosophy without experiment, mathematics without instruments, geometry without scales, astronomy without demonstration. They made war without shot, cannon, or mortars—nay, the mobs made their bonfires without squibs or crackers. They went to sea without the compass, and sailed without the needle. They viewed the stars without telescopes, and measured altitudes without barometers. Learning had no printing-presses, no writing-paper, no ink. The lover was forced to send his mistress a deal-board for a letter, and a billet-doux might be of the ordinary size of a trencher. They were clothed without manufactures, and their richest robes were the skins of the most formidable monsters. They carried on their trade without books. They had surgery without anatomy, and physicians without *materia medica*. They gave emetics without *ipecacuanha*, and cured agues without bark.

THE FARNESE GARDENS.—The celebrated Farnese Gardens in Rome have recently been purchased by the Emperor Napoleon. The ground contains an area of eighteen acres. It includes the famous ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, two stories of which have been buried since the period of the barbarian invasion, and, doubtless, contains statuary, paintings, and other curiosities of the highest art and interest. The excavations are to commence in November.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT LORIN ANDREWS.—This well-known educator died at Gambier, September 23d. He had but recently returned home from Virginia, where he was engaged in active service as Colonel of one of our regiments. But not as an officer in the army will he be remembered so much as a successful teacher and college officer. To no man in Ohio is the State so much indebted for her present glorious common school system as to Lorin Andrews. In 1853 he received an invitation to the Presidency of Kenyon College. This was most unexpected and altogether unsolicited by himself. This he accepted. At the time of his acceptance the institution was much depressed. But all the energy of his character was at once given to his duties, and the college soon attained to a most eminent degree of success and popularity. He retained the Presidency till his decease.

MANUFACTURE OF SHAWLS.—The Lowell Journal, Massachusetts, states that the Middlesex mills are very busy, and that the demand for shawls is greater than can at present be supplied in ordinary running hours.

Library Notes.

(1.) SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARY BOOKS.—1. May Coverly. 2. Andy O'Hara. 3. Parson Hubert's School. 4. Abel Grey. 5. Nellie Morris. 6. A Scripture Text. 7. Naughty Girl Won. 8. Helpful Susan. 9. School at Elm Oak. 10. Harry the Sailor Boy. 11. Sammy Seymour. 12. Isabel's Trials. These are all fresh issues.

(2.) GRADUATED SUNDAY SCHOOL TEXT BOOKS.—1. Lessons in Bible History—The Old Testament. 2. Lessons in New Testament History. 3. Bible Morality, or Elements of Moral Science.—These volumes have been prepared by Dr. Floy.

(3.) MEADOW-SIDE STORIES.—Eight story-books, beautifully illustrated, and contained in a neat box. They are designed for Sunday school holiday presents.

(4.) CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY BOOKS AND TRACTS.—1. My Box of Jewels—a little box containing twelve square 48mo primer tracts. 2. Robin Ranger's Budget of Tracts—containing fifty-two tracts for infant classes. 3. One Dozen Books for Children, illustrated.

(5.) SUNDAY SCHOOL EXHIBITION EXERCISES.—These are designed for public exhibition in Sunday schools, and contain five numbers in pamphlet form.

(6.) LLOYD'S MILITARY MAP AND GAZETTEER.—Fifty cents colored in States, sixty cents colored in counties. 164 Broadway, New York City: J. T. Lloyd.

(7.) BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for September, has a good variety of articles, of which the best, perhaps, are "Meditations on Dyspepsia" and "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy." L. Scott, N. Y. G. N. Lewis, Cin.

(8.) THE SOUTHERN REBELLION. Published in large 8vo numbers, containing 32 pages at 10 cents each, by James D. Torrey, New York.

(9.) PAMPHLETS.—1. Minutes of the Erie Conference for 1861—Bishop Morris, President; W. F. Day, Secretary. 2. Cincinnati Conference—Bishop Morris, President; J. T. Mitchell, Secretary. 3. Iowa Conference—Bishop Scott, President; E. H. Waring, Secretary. 4. Sunday School Almanac for 1862.

New York Literary Correspondence.

Influence of One's Surroundings—Inefficiency of the Human Will to Overcome It—Why this Speculation—The Far West—Thoughts About Visiting It—Did n't Go—Central Park of the Empire State—"John Brown's Tract"—Did n't Go There—The Palisades and Slopes of the Catskills—The Place to Which I Did Go—Nature in Early Autumn—The First Frost of Autumn—Town versus Country—Complaints of Agriculturists—Improvement in Agriculture—Society in the Country—A Country Sunday School—A Country Church—The People and the Worship.

A STRANGE and mysterious influence arises from one's surroundings of which susceptible minds are keenly sensible. By it the whole current of one's thoughts and feelings is largely affected, and character and life effectually determined. The *genii loci* of the classical mythologists were but the personified ideal of that influence, and the veneration accorded to them was but its earnest recognition. It may be true to some extent that genius is its own inspiration, and that, regardless of circumstances, it finds its excitants and demonstrates its powers. It is also true that in many minds the outward presentation of beautiful or sublime objects does not awaken the corresponding æsthetic emotions. But both of these are exceptional cases. Eminent geniuses among the mass of mankind are like pearls among the pebbles of the sea-shore—too few to be taken into account in any just estimate of the whole, and if there are multitudes of unappreciative dullards to whom the grand and the beautiful are alike unknown, these, too, must be left out of the account, since the lack of subjective susceptibility in some can not disprove the fact of objective potency. The inspirations of genius are probably less spontaneous than they seem to be, and on the other hand the external world tends to awaken the first elements of the æsthetic in the dullest minds. But with the large class of moderately-intelligent and cultivated minds the influence of surrounding sensible objects, and the great movements of society, are strangely powerful.

I have become skeptical as to the sole efficiency of the individual will in fashioning the plan of one's life and molding the character. While it must be conceded that the highest

form of virtue is found in the heroic pursuit of the right in opposition to temptations and allurements, and probably the best style of virtuousness of character is attained only through conflicts and opposition, it is, nevertheless, very evident that most of us are what we are by the aid of influences which arise from our conditions and surroundings. If there is any such a thing as destiny, which determinately fixes the character and career of individuals—as some believe—it probably resides in the circumstances in which each person is placed no less than in his natural and inherent qualities of heart and intellect. The fatalism of our materialistic psychologists is only truth carried too far, and theological predestination, though very illogical, and only indifferently proved by Scripture, seems often to be strangely supported by facts. There is also a thread of truth running through the philosophy of accidents, out of which a cotemporary writer has attempted to frame a new scheme of necessity, and succeeded, too, to his own satisfaction, because he persistently ignores whatever does not sustain his positions.

Now, all this has been written because I sat myself down to compose this letter among unwonted scenes, and far from the spot from which I have been wont to send forth my monthly correspondences, and I felt the influences of my changed position, and seemed to be pressed upon by my unusual associations. The disposition to change of place which so frequently affects the dwellers in towns and cultivated suburbs during the latter part of Summer, and, when not sooner satiated, it extends into early Autumn, recently led your stay-at-home correspondent to think of going abroad. And as I most heartily abominate all fashionable resorts, I, of course, did not for a moment entertain the thought of visiting any of them. At first I contemplated a journey to the Far West. Do not understand me to have simply intended to see your Queen City and then, perhaps, to peep in at the railroad capital of Hoosier-land, and possibly to straggle onward as far as the cornfields of the modern Egypt. The Far West lies beyond all these, having its easternmost gate at old Mackinaw, with

Lake Superior in its foreground, while Dacotah, Pembina, and the region of the Assinaboin form its central area, and away beyond sundown it verges to the Pacific. There is the West, and there are red men and buffaloes and beavers. I confess to a strong desire to visit that region while there still remains a portion of the continent unreached by the pioneer settlers. It would be the realization of my cherished day-dreams to float on its unfrequented waters, to ride on mule-back over its plains, and to bivouac upon its prairies. And so I thought about it and talked about it; I examined a map of the whole region, and marked out for myself the best route thither and back again. I dwelt upon the pleasing theme in my quiet reveries, and dreamed about it o' nights. *But I did not go.* At length I called home my errant fancy and turned my thoughts to less remote scenes, and for a time my imagination rambled and gamboled among the rocks and the rills, the lakes and the dark forests of the Adirondack. You must know that our Empire State, like our Empire City, has its Central Park, which, though all unembellished by the hand of art, is most richly endowed with the natural elements of the grand and the picturesque. And as our metropolitan park was long a waste but has become the cynosure of all beauty-loving eyes, so who can say that a like destiny upon a larger scale may not be in reservation for "John Brown's Tract?" By the way, is there not danger that in coming times the origin of the name of that region will become a matter of warm debate among its local chroniclers? Be it known, then, that the name of "John Brown's Tract" was given to the great northern wilderness of New York before the hero of Ossawatimie had achieved greatness for himself, and while as yet the raid upon Harper's Ferry was not dreamed of, from an adventurous pioneer who attempted to colonize a portion of its western border nearly half a century ago. And yet, strange enough, the grave of the proto-martyr in the cause of emancipation by the sword—foremost of a mighty host—is within the eastern border of that region. To a mind disposed to such superstitions it might seem probable that the brave and unquiet spirit of the old hero would find congenial associations among scenes so wild and sublime, though it might seem more probable that just now the scenes of his last great act and of his conquering sacrifice would rather command his presence. There were two John Browns, then, be it remembered, both of whom held such relations to this wild tract that his name might readily be given to it—one made a plantation upon its western border, and the other made his grave in the eastern.

Now, this "John Brown's Tract" is a famous place for Summer tourists, especially those who prefer nature's simple grandeur to the sentimentalities of fashion. Here are people—few and far between, indeed—living in blissful ignorance of the conventionalisms that so tyrannize over all the realms of civilization. And here is wild game, so wild that it must be hunted in order to be taken, and which may be hunted and taken if you will. And here are lakes and streams embowered in awful forests, or leaping down mountain precipices, whose finny occupants make glad the heart of the angler. And here are musketoes, plump, musical, and pertinacious, real vampires, clamorous for blood. And here are gnats, an enemy that is formidable in proportion to his littleness, and one that will not be despised after he has been thoroughly encountered. Still this is a fine region in which to make a Summer ramble. So have testified a good many competent witnesses, and I believe them, though I did not put the subject to the test of experience.

Finding myself unable to grasp so great a prize, I again called in my fancy and began to bethink myself of some sequestered spot not far away. And there are such places. Beyond the tree-crowned head of Donderberg, or hidden by the mural cliffs of the Palisades, in the gorges shadowed by Anthony's Nose, and along the slopes of the Catskills are many quiet nooks, not all solitudes, but apparently the abodes of the descendants of the veritable Rip Van Winkle—people who feel the influence of the outside world but faintly, and for whom the much-used word "progress" has no meaning. In some of these localities the Hollandish *potée* is still spoken; the spinning-wheel is an institution, and the people

sleep safely in unlocked houses, reckless of danger alike to their own persons and to the golden stores in old stockings pendent from rafters. To one of these out-of-the-way places I accordingly directed my steps, and I found it. There were straggling and crooked roads inclosed by rude stone walls, and the narrow carriage-way hemmed in with a growth of weeds and tangled briars. There were broad fields fringed on all sides with a green border of bushes, concealing an unsightly fence, their surface flecked with loose stones, upon which fifty years' tillage has wrought no manifest improvement. There were houses by the roadside—often too near the road to admit any lawn in front—some glistening with white paint, but most of them guiltless of the leaden cosmetic, and nearly all unshadowed by trees or climbing vines. Unquestionably there is very much land to be possessed by the disciples of Triptolemus before the functions of the Agricultural Society shall cease for lack of something to do, nor need one wander from the great centers to find such places.

At no other season does nature present a more pleasing aspect than during the first half of Autumn. The pure transparency of the atmosphere and the deep azure of the sky, the genial temperature of the air, and the rich foliage of the trees and verdure of the earth, are the great features of the out-doors scenery. But minor and more especially ornamental ones are now wanting. The bright red berries of the sumach, the dog-wood, and the black alder are seen in the thickets, while the marshes are illuminated with the scarlet cardinal flower, and the pastures and roadsides with the variegated asters, and the yellow flowers of the golden rods glare from the hedges. The fading green of the ripening corn, the golden fruits of the orchard, and the well-grown but yet unripe nuts of the forest all suggest the comfortable thought of plenty. There is something sadly pleasing in the idea of the vegetable world thus arraying itself in robes of modest beauty as it approaches the end of its allotted season, about to offer itself upon the icy altars of the hoar-frost. It has its moral lesson also, as it teaches us to enter life's past meridian cheerfully, and to make declining age at once fruitful and a delight.

The advent of the first great frost of Autumn is an epoch of no little significance in the year's history. No other event in the whole annual round produces so suddenly such marked changes. In this latitude its time is usually near the end of September, though sometimes it is delayed till the beginning of the next month. Its results are most marked when the early Autumn has been warm and the season flourishing, so that the earth is covered with fresh verdure, and many of the Summer plants have made a second growth. It is a common opinion among even the more intelligent country people that the moon has some influence in the matter, and the full moon of September, if it occurs after the middle of the month, is expected to bring the first frost. If the time of the equinox brings an easterly rain—and all through these parts the notion of an equinoctial storm is cherished with a pertinacity that disregards lack of proof and the united verdict of practical meteorologists that that season is not specially liable to storms—which passes off, leaving a clear sky at evening, upon which the full moon rises brilliantly, and with the passing hours of "the still night" the damp chilliness increases till the gathering dew shoots out in snowy crystals, the coming morning will show that the destroying angel has passed over the vegetable creation. At dawning all remains as the twilight left it, only all is set in flowery flakes of hoar-frost. But the rising sun speedily dissolves these creations of the frost spirits when the tender plants droop their heads and the morning flowers come not to greet the new day. As the sun rises higher the tender leaves grow blackish, and the more hardy ones of the forest trees put on a russet brown, and one by one begin to lose their footstalks and rustle to the ground. If the frost recur for two or three successive nights the effect is all the more remarkable. The forests, so lately clothed in the emerald robes of Summer, suddenly assume the varied hues of the rainbow, with a large predominance of the various and most gorgeous shades of red and yellow. It is said that each variety of trees and shrubs has its own distinctive tints, so that a practiced eye can distinguish them by their

peculiar coloring. This phenomenon of the coloring effects of the frost upon our American forests—for it is peculiar to America—is as curious as it is striking; and, though nearly every one has seen something of it, yet its grand effect can be properly appreciated only after it has been seen in a strictly-rural landscape. But like all intense delights it is of short duration. These frost-painted leaves soon lose their hold upon the parent tree and spread their beauties upon the earth, or are scattered before the wind. Not unfrequently after the first frosty term comes a season of beautifully-pleasant weather, as if nature were trying to restore the desolation so rudely made. But in vain; such delicate beauties when once defaced can never be restored. And now the chestnuts open their prickly burs, the brown nuts are shaken by the winds from the tall hickories, the red berries gleam more brightly in the hedges, and the hardy fall-flowers bloom once again to deck the coronal of the Indian Summer, or to scatter their fragrance around the couch of the expiring year.

The relative claims to preference of town and country is an old and apparently insoluble question. A disproportionate measure of praise has been given to the latter, but rather as an occasional resort in seasons of special attraction than as the place of permanent residence. Practically it is found that people prefer the city to the country, for more migrate from the latter to the former than contrariwise. Yet a large share of the denizens of the towns are sighing for a home beyond the district of gas-lights and paved streets. Men "stop" in the city rather than reside there, and a very large portion of those who can indulge the luxury of hoping look forward to a settlement out of town. Time of life likewise seems to have something to do with our preferences in these matters. The rustic youth instinctively turns his face toward the city, and longs to mingle with its busy crowds, and the aged denizen of the city sighs for the quiet pleasure of the country. "Why is it," asked the Roman poet, "that no one lives satisfied with the lot assigned him, whether by fortune or his own reason, but praises those who follow other pursuits?" The facts assumed in that wise query will not be denied, and those facts are, no doubt, nearly related to things just stated, but *why* they are so I will not attempt to declare.

A somewhat extensive acquaintance with country people has convinced me that, notwithstanding the acknowledged advantages of their position as compared with corresponding classes in cities, they are more dissatisfied than the residents of towns, and that of all classes among them the farmers are least of all satisfied. One hears more complaining of poverty, hard times, and straitened resources among these lords of the soil than among the mechanics and artisans of the town, whose daily bread depends upon their daily labor. A phenomenon so marked and yet so strange deserves attention, not only to satisfy a legitimate curiosity, but possibly to resolve and so remove a cause of discontent. The life of a farmer, at once independent and solitary, may tend to produce melancholy and churlishness. So say the socialists, and, perhaps, not altogether untruthfully. The condition of the agriculturists of this country in past times has certainly been rather a hard one. They came to their calling to contend against the gigantic forces of nature in climate and soil with little besides their empty hands, and the contest has been an unequal one. A great amount of severe labor has been called for to bring a country naturally stubborn and requiring much preparation in order to reward industry into working condition. Having little besides labor to bestow, that commodity has been bestowed freely but painfully, and human hands have done the work that belongs to inferior animals or to natural forces, till life has been rendered burdensome. The great struggle has been for means to live, and to answer the questions, What shall we eat, and drink, and wear, has been the earnest study of the wise and prudent. With such, pleasure is out of the account, and all is folly that does not directly contribute to material gain. A great change has indeed taken place in the circumstances of our agriculturists, but generally they are slow to avail themselves of the advantages of modern improvements, and their habits and temper of discontent have become so deeply seated that an age will be requisite to wear it away.

But a change is certainly coming over them, even in the most secluded localities. The stolid hand of labor finds a more liberal recompense than formerly, and the means of enjoyment, if not too laboriously obtained, almost certainly induces the indulgence. With increased enjoyment comes increased cheerfulness, to be followed by cheerful industry and an intelligent availing of all facilities to make it productive. This process is now in full course of successful experiment, even in the most retired neighborhoods on either side of the Hudson; and what with the common school, the newspaper, the agricultural societies, and their intercourse with persons from abroad, still greater changes may be anticipated. The low and demoralizing pleasures of the country tavern were abandoned long ago, but the chasm has been but partially supplied. Means of social enjoyment are prime necessities for young persons of which they will not be deprived; they are scarcely less useful to the old to disperse the gloom of old age, and to the middle-aged to mitigate the severity of the stern duties of active life. Whoever, therefore, shall supply these means, unmingled with dangerous ingredients, and induce those who are in need of them to use them, will deserve well of mankind.

Have you ever attended the Sabbath services in a genuine country church? It avails but little to go to such a place on some special occasion, when the usual order of things is interrupted, but go when things are in their normal condition, and you will be interested and perhaps profited. Be early at the place of gathering in order to observe all that occurs. The church is by the roadside, perhaps uninclosed, with a vast platform in front to facilitate the passage from too lofty vehicles; the "sheds" at one side indicate the care with which the comers thither protect their teams and carriages, while in the rear lies "God's acre," the sacred spot in which "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Here, could you afford the time, you might gather lessons of wisdom as well as be provoked to smile at human vanity. Enter the sacred precincts of the sanctuary before the worshipers have assembled. The pulpit is high, but only proportionate with the loftier galleries, and the seats are narrow, with high and steep backs. But all things are as they long have been, and, having served a former generation, those of the present do not despise them. The spiders have spread their webs along the ceilings, and straggling flies and wasps, having found ingress by other openings, now vainly seek for egress through the closed windows. But the people are gathering. On foot from the distance trudges the poor man with a portion of his household, having set off early, sure to be in time. Now follow groups of children drawn thither by the mixed motives of propriety and love of the excitement. The farmer's heavy wagons and the more showy curricles now set down their living loads. There are greetings and pleased salutations, and inquiries respecting health and welfare. A busy season is this half hour before the time of service. A kind of social exchange is kept, and many kind words are uttered; but whether words of scandal are sometimes whispered, or whether in side conversations of friends are themes more secular than becomes the day, who shall declare? At length the hour of worship arrives, the seats are occupied, and the congregation hushed, save when some tardy comer shuffles to his place. Of the services little need be said, for the rites of worship are always venerable, whether performed inartistically in unpretending chapels, or

"Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing organ sounds the notes of praise!"

and, perhaps, in either case true worship is alike acceptable. It is, however, a remarkable fact that the simpler forms of the services of the rural churches have often more deeply impressed the casual attendant than the gorgeous ceremonials of the great cathedral, the reason for which I will not now attempt to explain, though I can readily believe that it is so. Now, all these I witnessed during my stay in the country, and similar scenes may be witnessed with each succeeding holiday.

And now the season of my respite hastens to its ending, and I return to the world and to duty. *Adieu.*

Hilur's Tahr.

SPITZBERGEN AND THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.—A paragraph intended for our notice of "Seasons with the Sea-Horse" was thrown out for want of space in our last number. It touched upon a point in which the author shows himself a better sportsman than geologist; better at navigating among floes of ice than layers of rock; better at harpooning walruses than at the elimination of scientific knowledge. With an amusing display of a few inconsequential observations made in the frozen regions of Spitzbergen, he leaps to the induction of the Lamarckian theory of the Origin of Species, recently made notorious by Darwin.

We will give a specimen of his reasoning, not to meet this special case, but to show the transparent sophistry of this class of theorists. The author, speaking of the walrus, says: "There are very few or no animals in the world which seems to me to constitute so clear and well-defined a *link* between two different and distinct races; and I can hardly understand how any reflecting and unprejudiced person can attentively study the habits of the walrus when alive, or even attentively examine his skeleton when dead, without coming to the conclusion that he forms a plain and unmistakable link between animals inhabiting the land and the cetaceans or whales."

But now the question will recur whether the whale passed through the walrus state into a land animal, or some monster of *terra firma* passed by the reverse process through the walrus till it became a whale? It will be not a little interesting to our readers to know that our author starts with the *bear* and ends with the *whale*. He gives the old story. Let us hear him: "Suppose, then, the case of a bear living on the borders of the then existing Polar Sea. We can easily fancy that in the struggle for existence perpetually going on, this bear—or whatever he was—may have been compelled to take to the sea-shore and prey upon shell-fish among other things. At first he would only go into shallow water, but he would become emboldened by success and habit to go deeper and deeper; even in the lifetime of one individual this would happen, and he would acquire the habit of digging the shells up with his feet or his teeth—at first probably with his feet, but latterly, when he came to picking shells in a foot or two of water, he would require to see what he was about, and he would use his teeth. Natural selection would now come into play, and as those animals which had the best and longest teeth would succeed best, so they would have the best chance of transmitting these peculiarities to their descendants. The tusks of the walrus are not, as I mentioned before, a pair of extra teeth, but merely an enlargement or extraordinary development of the eye-teeth, and I think it is easy to conceive that any large carnivorous animal, driven by necessity to subsist on shell-fish under water, would, in a few thousands of generations, acquire such tusks.

"Also, he would soon learn to dive, and to hold his breath under water, and from generation to generation he would be able to stay longer below. As he would

have very little use for his legs they would soon become abortive as *legs*, and grow more into the resemblance of *fins*; the hind legs would somewhat resemble the tail of a fish, and would do duty for that organ; so his real tail would almost disappear, as in the case with the seal and the walrus.

"The legs of the walrus, although almost abortive, are still legs, and not fins, as *he can walk on all four* on land or ice. Those of the seal are more abortive still, and the latter can not walk, strictly speaking, but only jerk himself along. No body who has seen the anatomy of a whale's paddles can deny that even they are legs and not fins, although, of course, only used to propel him in the water after the manner of fins.

"The resemblance between the seal and the walrus is not in any respect so close, either in their appearance or in their habits, as one would be apt to suppose by looking at the clumsily-stuffed specimen of a walrus in the British Museum, or at the few absurd caricatures of this animal which exist. The walrus in every way partakes much more of the nature of land animals than the seal, which again seems more closely allied to the cetaceans. For instance, the walrus can double his hind legs under him and walk upon them like any other beast, while the seal always keeps his hinder extremities stretched backward like the tail of a cetacean. The walrus can not remain under water for nearly so long a period as the seal, neither can he sustain the pressure of the water at any thing like the depth to which the great seal can descend; the walrus goes ashore on the beach or rocks, and the Spitzbergen seal, although he basks on ice—both fixed and floating—is never known to go on land or even to lie on a half-tide rock; the walrus is gregarious, and the great seal solitary, even two seldom being found together; the young walrus lives with his dam, for two seasons, while the young seals are believed to leave the protection of the old ones at a few days old, and to shift for themselves like young fishes. I believe a young seal is never found along with its dam. The food of the walrus is chiefly obtained from submarine banks by his tusks, and the seal catches his prey swimming in the water.

"This evidence would seem to argue that the seal is a farther intermediate link between the walrus and the whale, but I can not presume to hazard any opinion on that point; he may have diverged from the walrus, or he may have sprung more directly from some other race of animals living or extinct, without the intervention of the walrus. But in whatsoever way the numerous tribes of seals may have originated, I think that we have strong evidence before us, in the appearance and habits of the great seal and the walrus, to induce us to entertain the belief that one or other of them, or *some allied animal now extinct*, has been the progenitor of the whales and other cetaceans."

This is a fair sample of the absurdities in which the shrewdest minds become involved when they relinquish the doctrine of direct creation, and make man an offspring of the monkey instead of being created by God.

M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.—NOTE FROM COATES KINNEY—A POSTHUMOUS POEM.—Our readers will remember this gifted young poetess, who passed so early into the skies. The following note from the author of "Rain upon the Roof"—who, by the way, has exchanged dalliance with the muses for the sterner caresses of Bel-lona—will best explain the channel through which this poem reaches us:

Editor Repository.—Dear Sir,—The fond, bereaved mother of the gifted girl who wrote the lines below, submits them to me with the following remark: "In perusing the unpublished manuscripts of my beloved daughter, M. Louisa Chitwood, I found one, which I send you, that might meet a response in other sad hearts than my own."

I transmit the lines to you, Mr. Editor, with the assurance that you will thank me, in the name of your readers, for this beautiful but sad remembrancer of the dear young poetess who thus, by anticipation, put a song of sorrow into the mouths of those who mourn her early death.

Yours, very truly,

COATES KINNEY.

THE SISTER'S LAMENT.

BY M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

I AM lonely, very lonely,
This dark Autumnal day,
For the Summer flown away.
Not for the fragrant roses
That brightened hill and glen;
O, their blooms will ope again.
Not for the dew-drops that spangled
The moss-cups on the wall;
For other dew-drops will fall.
Not for the breeze that whispered
Along the meadows low;
For other winds will blow.
Not for the birds that warbled
Their soft love-laden rhyme;
They will return some time.
I am mourning, I am mourning;
'Neath sorrow's sable wing
Lies the heart that used to sing.
Sweeter than the myriad roses
Was the lonely one I lost
With the stiffening of death's frost.
Purer than the dew-drop's sparkle
Was that love without a stain:
It will not return again.
Purple mornings breaking softly;
Gloaming-times of pink and gold;
Star-gems blazing far and cold;
Long, clear days of light and beauty;
Prattling streams with shores of green,
Where white lily-bells are seen;
Orchards, homesteads, dark old woodlands;
Hill-tops where the white lambs play,
Jingling bells the livelong day;
All will fill my heart with sorrow:
One wild thought my heart will thrill—
She is lying cold and still;
She would look upon the mornings,
But beneath its snowy lid
Her dark misty eye is hid!
O, beloved one! dear beloved one!
Shall we two not meet at last,
When this little life is past?
Shall not thy sweet love console me
On some fairer, fairer shore,
Where they part not any more?
Yes, beloved, my only sister,
To my arms thou wilt be given,
And thy voice I'll hear in heaven.

AN UNWARRANTABLE INSINUATION.—THE ANIMUS OF CHURCH CONTROVERSY.—In closing a series of edi-

torials on the lay-delegation question in the Methodist Episcopal Church, "The Methodist" says:

One thought more: Most of these editors were warm advocates of the change before they got into power. It secured them interest with the Church. Now that they have got possession of strong positions, do they fear the power of the laity in the General Conference? Do they fear, and wish to avert, any contingency in this respect? Such, at least, is the inference to which the people must be inclined by this extraordinary editorial policy.

The editor must be sadly in want of material to keep up the character of his paper as an "opposition" journal when he resorts to such means. The complacent assumption that his paper is the special organ of the laity and the peculiar custodian of the question of lay delegation, is not likely to gain very extensive recognition. Such means as the above will not conduce to that end. And we opine that the paper which attempts to build itself up by such means will meet with disappointment as just as it will be severe. Our readers will comprehend the *animus* of the foregoing paragraph. The facts with regard to the status of the editors upon the lay-delegation question before and after election are simply the reverse of what is stated. The logic is equally defective; for if the editors, before election, were "warm advocates" to "secure interest with the Church," that they might get office, when they ceased to be "warm advocates" and thus lost "interest with the Church," would they not then be likely also to lose the offices they had obtained?

Then, too, this imputation of evil motives against Christian brethren exhibits a sad spectacle. Its influence can be only pernicious. So far as it is received it weakens confidence in the moral integrity of the leading men in the Church. Nor is this weakening of confidence confined to the person or persons assailed. Suppose, for instance, that Dr. Crooks represents Dr. Thomson as being a "warm advocate" of a vital Church measure, not from any convictions of judgment or conscience, but simply to make interest so that he may get an office, and having obtained that office, he is ready to change and oppose that very measure, when it becomes necessary in order to *keep* the office he has obtained. A member of the Church credits the vile slander. His confidence is shaken, not in Dr. Thomson only, but in the Church, in every minister. He will reason: "If Dr. Thomson is thus lacking in Christian principle and integrity of character, how do I know but that Dr. Crooks is also destitute? Whom can I trust?"

But, on the other hand, suppose he knows the character of Dr. Thomson too well to be influenced by such an insinuation. What, then, will he think of Dr. Crooks? Will he not charge him with being a slanderer of his brother? Will he not suspect that the man who could falsely attribute all this baseness to a brother minister must be actuated by some evil motive, and can not himself be possessed of an archangel's purity?

Is there no way of putting a stop to such an unchristian mode of conducting Church controversies? We invoke upon it, every-where and by whomsoever it may be carried on, the frown of an indignant Christian brotherhood.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—We regret very much to disappoint the expectations of some of our friends—friends also of the Repository. But we have only one rule for our guide. To that we must adhere. Our feelings are

as kindly toward those whose articles are admitted as toward those whose are rejected. Among the articles laid aside this month are the following:

Prose.—A Ghost Story; Reverence Your Mother; Reminiscences of Early Days; Power of Divine Love; Sanity of True Genius—good, but anonymous; Nellie's Dream—anonymous; The Midnight Hour; Home at Last; Whitefield; Will You Grant It; Writers and Writing.

Poetry.—'Tis Bliss to Weep; Man's Love; Joy; Kitty and Her Mother; The Last Good-Night; Maggie; Autumn Winds; Angel Voices; The Soul; The Vine; The Library; The Death Child; A Sonnet; Christ Blessing the Children; Morning; The Traveler.

THE SUMMER TRESSES OF THE TREES ARE GONE.—The original painting by Mr. A. D. Shattuck, of which we herewith present our readers a copy, is one that does the highest honor to the genius of the artist; so true to nature, so life-like in its delineation, and the whole enriched with such a warmth of feeling, that among a thousand paintings it would not fail to attract attention. We are greatly indebted to the author for permission to have it copied for the Repository.

Our readers will also not fail to recognize the superior style in which Mr. Wellstood has reproduced this splendid picture. We ask for it *study*, and challenge criticism upon it. If our readers look upon it as *often as we have, and gaze upon it as long*, and all the while with increasing interest and a fuller perception of its beauty, we shall at least congratulate ourself with having patrons capable of appreciating the beautiful in art.

Having scanned the picture, let our readers turn back to our October issue and reread the article on Autumnal Scenery, by President Allyn. Though viewing Autumnal scenery in an earlier stage than that represented in the picture before us, the two will be found in strong sympathy and to reflect mutual interest.

We can not, however, refrain from adding a paragraph which is replete with thought as well as beauty. "Toward the close of Autumn a deeper sentiment occupies the mind. The warmth and brightness have gradually diminished; night has stolen slowly, but sensibly, on the day; the bustle and cheerfulness which pervaded the fields have ceased; the yellow grain, which betokened plenty, has been reaped and housed; and the ground, which lately shone in gold, lies withered and bare; the pastures have assumed a darker hue; the woods, although their varied and harmonizing tints are inexpressibly beautiful, speak of decay; and the sober stillness of an Autumnal sky sheds a gentle sadness over the scene. It is impossible for a mind of sensibility to resist the spirit of melancholy which rests on the land and on the waters, which broods over the forests, which sighs in the air, which sits in silence on the motionless curtain of the gray clouds. Yet it is a melancholy not unmixed with enjoyment, and nearly allied to deep moral and religious feeling. The decay of nature reminds us of our own. We too must pass into 'the sear and yellow leaf,' and fall away. The beauty of the woods, even in their fading, the sober grandeur of the earth and sky, the mild serenity which breathes around, on the mountain, the valley, and the placid lake—all speak of the solemn but cheerful hour, in which the dying Christian falls asleep in the arms of

his Savior—all seem to shadow forth the new heavens and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness—all fill the soul with sublime musing on Him, the touch of whose finger changes every thing—himself unchanged!"

THE WAR AND THE SLAVE QUESTION.—At the time of this writing October has just opened unto us. What shall be the events of the war, even before the thoughts now penned shall come to our readers, it is impossible to foretell. Its events have crowded so thickly upon each other that we can make no attempt to chronicle them. The various questions also relating to the policy of the Government and the conduct of the war have been so numerous, and succeeded each other so quickly, that discussion of them in our columns has been out of the question.

There is one question of governmental policy, however, which, in its relations to the causes and conduct of the war, as well as to its ultimate results, towers high above all others. We refer to the slavery question. And upon this we are pained to feel that the Government has as yet been utterly lacking in any sharply-defined or clearly-expressed line of policy. We do not claim that the Government is to engage in a crusade against the system of slavery in the States. It is simply called upon to put down rebellion. But if slavery has wedded its fortunes to rebellion, nothing is more clear than that, so far at least as it is thus wedded, it must suffer the fate of rebellion.

General Butler's plan, of placing the fugitive slave from rebel masters in the list of contrabands, was an ingenious device, and was a step in the right direction. But it was subsequently so modified by the Administration as to lose much of its significance, and still more of its power. Then came the proclamation of General Fremont, declaring—not that slavery is abolished in the slave States—but that the slaves of those actually engaged in rebellion shall be confiscated as the property of their owners and declared free men. That proclamation hit the nail upon the head. It made a distinct issue with the slaveholder—one he could easily comprehend. It said to him, *remain loyal, and the Government will not interfere with your slave property; become disloyal, and you shall no longer have the advantage of those laws designed to protect this species of property; your slaves shall be free.* This was right. It was in accordance with the rules of civilized warfare. It violated no law of military procedure. It only enforced the common-sense principle, that those striving to destroy the Government shall not at the same time enjoy its protection. To this idea the heart of the nation responded with an emphatic indorsement.

On the other hand, the modification ordered by President Lincoln, requiring that only such slaves as have been actually employed, or permitted to be employed, by their masters against the Government, and also leaving undecided their *status*, even when they are so taken, whether they shall be free men or be sold, and the proceeds of the sale placed in the treasury, was peculiarly unfortunate. It not only takes off all the edge and extracts all the sting of Fremont's proclamation, but it makes an *exception in favor of slave property.* This, it is true, is in harmony with most of our national legislation upon the subject. Slavery has always demanded and too often received privileges and immunities awarded to no other species of property. But such

special immunities granted by military proclamation, and that too in a *war of slavery against the very Government making such proclamation*, is, to say the least, an exceedingly-questionable magnanimity. It was a concession to this species of property not fit to be made.

On the other hand, we can not doubt that it was as impolitic in its practical working as it was unsound in principle. What stronger motive could you place before the slaveholder to stay at home and demean himself as a good citizen than the fact that the moment he became a rebel his slaves should be free men? But, on the other hand, what higher piece of folly than for the Government to undertake the guardianship of the slaves of rebel masters, while those very masters are marshaling rebel armies for its destruction! What more can a traitor ask? The Government consents to protect his family and keep in subjection his slaves. What is there, then, to prevent his joining the rebel army? Is not this putting a premium on treason? We know of nothing which so clearly illustrates how deeply the public mind has been debauched by the foul, leprous system of American slavery. We verily believe that, if we can not rise in any other way, God will train us by reverses and calamities, till, as a people, we shall come, at least in some tolerable degree, to comprehend how this iniquity has debased us, and what is necessary for our deliverance.

It must be patent to every mind that the South must be invaded, and rebellion and misrule be broken down upon the soil. Otherwise the waging of a guerrilla warfare in Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri is a mere fatuity. If these are not mere stepping-stones to an advance movement, better give up the contest at once. But to think of advancing such an army into the slave States charged with the double duty of fighting rebels, and also of holding in subjection their slaves, and even catching and returning those who run away, is preposterous in the extreme. When Bonaparte entered Russia he refused, even when strongly advised, to proclaim liberty to the serfs. He refused even to allow them to come to his own aid, but placed upon them the iron heel of oppression not less firmly than that by which Russia had crushed them to the earth. Thus Napoleon threw away the only agency that could have insured complete success. The result was the burning of Moscow, the defeat of Beresina, the disastrous retreat, the capitulation of Paris to the Cossacks, and the abdication of the crown and throne. That results equally disastrous will inevitably follow a similar line of policy in the war which has been forced upon our Government no sane man, with his eyes half open, can fail to see. Yet we greatly fear that some men high in position about the seat of the Government and in the army, have hitherto failed to perceive this truth, or have been swerved by their interests or their prejudices from its recognition. We fear that even President Lincoln has been short-sighted in the matter, or has lacked the firmness to resist the machinations of debauched politicians around him.

This bloody and fiendish war which has been forced upon us will never be prosecuted to advantage till the question at issue is clearly stated and squarely met. The slaveholders, for the sake of the institution of slavery, have resolved to destroy the Government. They have made up the issue. For the accomplishment

of their purpose every fiendish art has been plied—treachery, robbery, arson, maiming, murder. No crime so black, no outrage so high-handed, no perfidy so damning that it has not been eagerly invoked to aid in the fiendish work. We repeat it, *the issue is made up*—made up by the slaveholders themselves. It is simply a question of the *Government or slavery*. One or the other *must perish*. Which shall it be?

The Government may dally with the question, refuse to recognize it, make weak and pernicious compromises which may postpone it for the time. But to this issue in the end it will be forced. God grant that the Government may recognize the true issue while yet it has strength to meet it!

But, says one, "I thought you were not designing to counsel a crusade on the part of the Government against slavery." Nor are we. We say let the Executive of the nation be governed by the laws and Constitution; let the military powers adhere to the strictest principles recognized among civilized nations. Let every loyal citizen in every State of the Union be assured that the Government will do its utmost to protect their property and their lives. But let it be proclaimed every-where that henceforth if any man shall take up or continue in arms against the Government his property shall be confiscated, and his slaves, if he have any, **SHALL BECOME FREE MEN**.

If, in such a procedure, a death-blow is struck against slavery it will not be a difficult matter for the General Government to complete the work by compensating loyal men for the liberating of their slaves.

Such is our programme for the conduct of the war. It could excite no more bitter feelings than now exist in the South; it could provoke no greater cruelties than those already practiced. Those who look for *conciliation by compromise* will be sadly, ruinously mistaken. It can come only by blood. Compromise, by which the dilapidated national fortunes of slavery may be patched up, will only entail upon us hopeless debauchery of public sentiment and perpetually-recurring wars. But if the rooting out of this rebellion shall result in extracting the very virus from which it sprung, then may we hope for an honorable and permanent peace.

OPEN LETTER OF THE PUBLISHERS TO THE PATRONS OF THE REPOSITORY.—On the third page of our cover our readers will find an open letter to the friends of the Repository from the Publishers. We are glad to see that they have taken the matter in hand so timely and so earnestly. We beg our friends to give their letter a full reading, and the subject earnest attention.

A WORD WITH OUR EXCHANGES.—Our list is very large. We fear we shall not be able to retain them all. In fact, we shall be compelled at the beginning of the year to make an extensive revision. Those who desire to have the Repository continued to them may be assured that this shall be done if they will insert a few times in their columns the Publishers' Circular and such other notices as may aid to extend the circulation of the magazine.

We have received only kindness from our brethren of the press. Their notices have been exceedingly courteous, and have contributed largely to our success. We hope to merit them not less in the future than in the past.





